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YEAR-BOOK OF BELMONT COLLEGE

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1910

VOLUME VII

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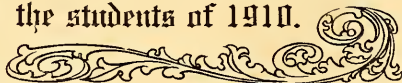


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We dedicate this volume to our President, Dr. Ira D. Candrith, as an expression of the respect and esteem we bear toward him, and an appreciation of his abiding devotion, which will ever be remembered by the students of 1910.





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VICTORIA WOOTEN, Chairman
LOUISE WYATT
DAISY MATZNER
ELISE EPPERSON



MILADY IN BROWN STAFF

THUSS





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Belmont, Nashville

Belmont College For Young Women, Nashville, Tenn.





Introduction

To her, who from the love of Belmont reads
This book, compiled by loyal students, we bring
A two-fold message. When school life's mystic maze is a long
while passed, we dare to hope
That these pages few may return the joy,
In happy memories of school girls bright
And friends of long ago, 'till once more you'll
Live in the Land of Yesterday. But first,
So judge, that when at last the end is reached,
That rainbow goal of hopes so dear, where in realm
Ideal, our day-dream Palace of Fancy lies,
Which builded was of many hopes and fears,
Thou be not, like one bored beyond measure,
Serious where we meant to jest; but uplifted and made glad
By a faith more sure, a friendship firm and tried,
Like one, who forgiving faults, may please to say
About us, "They have done the best they could."







ELIZABETH BARNWELL Centreville, Tenn.

JUANITA EVANS Newberry, S. C.

B. A.; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Representative "Deutsche Verein," '08; Asheville Delegate, '08; Vice-President "Deutsche Verein," '09; Secretary Sub-Senior Class, '08; Assistant Treasurer Y. W. C. A., '09; Editor "Blue and Bronze," '09; Chairman Literary Committee "MILADY IN BROWN," '10; Vice-President Upper Friendship Hall; Second Vice-President Y. W. C. A., '10.

A brown-eyed maiden who has two ambitions—one to bluff the teachers and the other to rank first in the Senior Class. She studies rarely and when caught at it, blushes furiously and commences to apologize. She never does anything wrong except when permitted to have her own way. In spite of all her faults, Elizabeth is a welcome addition to any gathering of girls. Three years at Belmont have won her many friends, and she keeps them all.

B. A.; Ø K Δ; A Δ A; S. C. S. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Bible Study Leader, '07-'10; President South Carolina Club, '08; College Editor of Blue and Bronze, '08; Social Committee of Y. W. C. A., '09; Chairman Humor Committee of "MILADY IN BROWN," '09; M. S. M. of D. C. C. Club; Owl Club; Editor-in-Chief of "MILADY IN BROWN," '10.

"Jan" is one of our most enterprising girls. Indeed, her ambition, since she has received the well-merited honor of Editor-in-Chief, has risen to such a pitch that she finds it impossible to stay in school, so she spends almost all, if not all, of her time in the city on Annual (?) business. We are sure that the success of "MILADY IN BROWN" has been due to her tireless efforts, helped out by her siren voice, which so entrances every one that they invariably do their best for her. Some people call this voice "perpetual motion machine," but far be it for common mortals to so dub a reverend Senior. The Self-Regulating Roll has a most worthy member in "Jan." This statement is irrefutably proved by the fact that she rooms on Miss Webb's floor and still has a deportment grade of ninety. Although she has a great superfluity of hot air, she is still one of the most popular girls in school, and we feel that she adds greatly to the glory of the Senior Class of '10.





RUTH TRICE Tampa, Fla.

BYRD SHANKLE Hollandale, Miss.



B. A. S. L. A. A. S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer "MILADY IN BROWN," '08; President of Florida Club, '08; Missionary Committee of Y. W. C. A., '08-'09; Business Manager of Bug and Bronze, '09; Vice President of S. C. S. R. R., '09; President of Sub-Senior Class, '09; Delegate to Lexington Convention, '10; Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '10; President of First Floor Fidelity Hall, '10; President of Dixie Club, '10; President of S. C. S. R. R., '10; President of Circle Français, '10; Business Manager of "MILADY IN BROWN," '10.

"Tangerine" to many, but commonly dubbed by her most intimate friends as "Miss Priss." The biggest "Piker" in school, this name and and fame having been gained at midnight on March 5th, 1910 (?). A very popular girl, but most popular when the Florida oranges are ripe. They buy good votes. Wonder why she did not sell her secret to Bryan. So tall and slender and substantial, she makes the best kind of a Belmont column, though not so decorative as the Corinthian style seen in Recreation Hall. It has been feared by many that the foundations will quiver when she slips out of place. Some of her admiring friends wished to erect a monument to her on her departure, but Miss Hood objected on the grounds that she forgot to pay her excess laundry once, the sum being three cents.

Her political aims are high—almost as high as she is—the burden of her many and various offices (mostly honorary) presses heavily upon her. Her favorite song is "I'll be busy all the week." But with all this, we love her still, for she is truly "First in fun, first in work, and first in the hearts of her schoolmates."

Secretary Y. W. C. A.; Secretary Senior Class; Vice-President Second Floor Fidelity.

Oh yes, she's from old Mississippi,
This lady both lovely and smart.
About her the fellows go daffy,
But Love, he has sure won her heart.

She's not tall and gawky, like Gladys,
Nor yet low and fat, like Edith;
She's not prissy and bossy, like Rufus,
Nor quite so loud-talking as Beth.

But she is so pretty and graceful,
For dancing she's famed far and near.
The pin that she wears is a "Phi" one,
And Harry's the name she holds dear.





LILA BELLE ACHESON Tacoma, Wash.

ARTEMESIA ASHBROOK Cynthiana, Ky.

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Literary Committee of "MILADY IN BROWN," '09; Bible Study Leader, '10; Exchange Editor of Blue and Bronze, '10; Treasurer of Western Club, '10; Rochester delegate, '10.

She came to us with the best of morals, but has long since been led astray. She has an innocent, though ready, smile, which has helped her out of many a scrape. She is very diplomatic and has tried her best these two years to bluff the faculty. She generally manages to get down to chapel in the morning, at least with a hair ribbon and overcoat on.

She is exceedingly good-natured and has never been known to worry over anything except that "80" in Livy. She is generous to a fault, a friend in need and wouldn't knock—no, not even on those members of the faculty whom she considers quite "fierce." No girl in Belmont has more true friends than our rosy-cheeked Lila Belle. An all-around good fellow.

T. S. S. A. A. A. X. Y. Z.: Y. W. C. A.; Treasurer of Kentucky Club, '09; Bible Study Leader, '09; Treasurer of Senior Class, '10; Member of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10; Representative to Y. W. C. A. Conference at Lexington, '10; Sunday Fakers Club.

And oh, fair Artie, now do we see
Thy light curly hair as it waves in the breeze.
And thy bright eyes sparkle, which seem to be
Made solely to smile and to laugh and to tease.

What marvel, then, if many Kentuckians share
With Harry thy loved presence, dear,
For where thou art, pleasure is there—
Where thy smile, mute devotion hovers near.



QUI, QUIUS !!
MISS DUTLER !!
LATIN !! HORRORS !!
FRANK !!
EMMA !!
LIVY !! HORROR !!
ON !!!
TERROR !!





GLADYS BOONE Miss.

T & Z; X. Y. Z.; S. R. S. C.; Y. W. C. A.; Associate Art Editor of "MILADY IN BROWN," '08; Vice President of Mississippi Club, '08; Vice-President of First Year Senior Class, '09; President of Art Class, '09; Representative to Asheville Y. W. C. A. Conference, '09; Art Editor of "MILADY IN BROWN," '10; Secretary of Y. W. C. A. Cabinet, '10; Bible Study Leader, '08.

She hails from the backwoods of Mississippi, is tall, lanky, and otherwise graceful. She wears a broad grin, which at the slightest provocation widens into a smile of the kind that won't come off. She is just the sort of girl to have around, for she is always ready to give her friends a lift. Despite her extreme youth, Gladys has won fame for her skill as an artist, and many of her pictures may already be seen on the walls of great public buildings, as Memorial Hall and the Art Studio.



ELMA BURNS Columbia, Tenn.

Y. W. C. A.; Captain of Team A.; President of T. T. T. Club.

Behold the wondrous man-charmer, with a heart as big as a barrel and a smile fatal to the stern sex! She writes to dozens of the love-smitten youths, occasionally giving one a drop from which he never recovers. Just now she is in an undecided state as to whether her next trophy shall be a Sigma Nu or a Beta pin. Despite her love for the frivolities of life, Elma has a vast store of knowledge which she will impart on the slightest provocation. She also possesses a happy disposition and a readiness to serve her friends which makes her indispensable to them.





LUCY WAYNE BRIDGES Scottsboro, Ala.

MARGARET CALDWELL Union Springs, Ala.

S. C. S. R. R.; Y. W. C. A.; Representative of Hesselberg Class, '09; Vice-President of Senior Class, '10; Vice-President of Hesselberg Class, '10; Treasurer of Annual, '10; Secretary of Ensemble Club, '10.

She's very tall and very fair

With dreamy eyes and golden hair,
And though she's gentle, sweet and kind,

I'll let you know she's strong of mind,
And has a heart as well as head

Which is set upon a Vanderbilt med.
And should the med. be an A. K. K.,

"So much the better," she will say.

One time a man named Schnappe she met,

She said, "That man's O. K. you bet,"
But when she found he was simply Snapp,

She did not care for him a rap.

SIX; A. A. A.; Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Treasurer of Alabama Club, '09; Statistic Committee of "MILADY IN BROWN," '09; Bible Circle Leader, '10; Membership Committee of Y. W. C. A., '10.

A slow, steady, easy-going daughter of Alabama. Quiet, retiring and unassuming, she keeps her own counsel and few really know her. She has won her many friends by her constant good nature and ready sympathy. Cheerful by nature and by habit, she believes in letting the world nag its way without undue interference. Maggie is a capable worker, and some members of the class impose on her good nature by handing over the superfluous analytics problems. She opens up like a morning glory when with the girls, but shuts up like a clam around the faculty.





ELIZABETH DAMERON Jackson, Miss.

Y. W. C. A.

Never since Belmont was a college has there been a girl so incalculably considerate of both classmates and teachers. This is shown toward her classmates by an ever present hand always waving frantically in an unceasing attempt to relieve them of recitation which might cause the teachers the extra effort of raising their grades. She has a walk on her like a stoical burro and a talk like an animated steam engine. Dameron's "all right" though, and we have only named her faults, for to name her virtues would be an unending task.



HELEN LOUISE EAVES Tupelo, Miss.

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; Vice-President of Fidelity Hall.

Ask her where she is from—no doubt you have noticed she is registered from Mississippi, but for some unexplainable reason, she will tell you her home is in "Kentucky," perhaps because she thinks that Kentucky hasn't been so noted for its beautiful women lately, and she wants to re-enforce the ranks of noted beauties, or maybe there's another attraction—"Home's where the heart is." This lucky maiden is the owner of a most vividly beautiful blush, which is increased, if possible, when she mentions a certain diamond ring she expects to get when school is out. Was once the wearer of a J K E pin, but, alas, it is lost! She is very fond of open air exercise, has a free and easy stride, which she very modestly explains as achieved from association with a certain military man.





CLARITE CECILE JANIN San Antonio, Texas

BESSIE MILLER St. Anthony, Idaho

Here's to our youngest and dearest,
 Our "Gite" from Nashville, Tenn.,
 With a laugh the oddest and queerest,
 Which always attracts the men.
 Now don't think she's easily suited,
 Or doesn't care for a choice,
 She professes an admiration
 For red-headed Virginia boys.
 In the winter of nineteen eleven
 Her debut she's planning to make
 In the city of San Antonio,
 Way down in Texas State.
 Now it occurs to us in Belmont
 That the distance is very great
 Between San Antone and Virginia,
 And the debut is naught but a fake.

Bible Study Leader, '10; Y. W. C. A.

Bessie is as hard to solve as a problem in analytics. She hails from Idaho, which explains itself. When quizzed, she invariably answers: "Sa-ay, I don't think I know what you me-an"—uttered to the tune of a special little song of her own. She has a superior knowledge of microbes and the height of her ambition is to be a geologist.





EDITH WHITESIDE . . . Carrollton, Ill.

Y. W. C. A.; Captain of "Lion" Base Ball Team, '09; Captain of "The Cupid" Basket-ball Team, '10; Vice-President of Athletic Association, '10; Sergeant of Senior Class, '10; Bible Study Leader, '10; President Lower Friendship Hall, '10; President Tennis Club, '10; President of Yankee Girls Club '10; Athletic Editor of "MILADY IN BROWN," '10.

The future President of Belmont, fair and square in all her dealings, the soul of true honor. Ever traverses the straight and narrow path, except where rules are concerned, and has grown thin trying to keep her friends from the broad way. In winter, the breakfast bell is rising bell for her, but in spring the early hours of morning find her either on the courts or basket-ball field. She may not be a S. C. S. R. girl, but there is nothing that is not above board in all her dealings with her fellow students.

Call her not an angel, for angels have wings,
But God made other attractive things.



MAUDE WAGLEY . . . Silverton, Texas

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.

"Pete" is characterized by a decided aversion to traveling on the choo-choo, preferring rather the means of locomotion in the wild and woolly West. In class, she rivals the teachers by her staid and dignified demeanor. She is not perfection yet, however, her favorite slang word being "O, Hug." This and the writing of bulky semi-weekly letters to the University of Texas seem to relieve her pent-up feelings exceedingly. In spite of her many and various faults, which we try to overlook, we are mighty glad that she is one of "US."



MAMIE WILSON . . . Nesbitt, Miss.

Y. W. C. A.; S. C. S. R. R.; President of W. C. T. U., '07; Bible Study Leader, '07-'09; Asheville delegate, '08; President of Lechetsinsky Club, '08; Lebanon delegate, '08; Chairman of Membership Committee, Y. W. C. A., '08; Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '09; Assistant Physical Culture Director, '09; Treasurer of Sub-Senior Class, '09; Librarian, '10; President of Senior Class, '10.

She hails from down where the Mississippi flows and is proud of it. She is very diplomatic; tries to "get in" with faculty; giggles continually; always on the run; a great admirer of the male sex, especially Sewanee men. She thinks "Phi" pins set in opals are wearable.

A great enthusiast on all subjects; an ideal President of our Senior Class, and a better person for the honor could not be found, as she is very loyal to 1910. She is continually tapping the bell when the Senior Class is valiantly trying to hold a class meeting in the library during school hours.

"How is Vicksburg?"





SENIOR PETITION



Proclamation

1910
Hi-Rickety
Rickety-Ren!
Seniors, Seniors!
1910

By these Present be it known, Ye Insignificant and Big-headed, Unsophisticated, Brainless, Gawky, Unenlightened, Boneheaded, Green and Untarnished Under-classmen, by this Proclamation, that ye must obey and submit yourselves to the following Edicts, promulgated for the restraint of your puerile habits and juvenile demeanor by your Exalted and Pre-eminently Paramount Predecessors,

The Omnipotent Class of 1910

- I. Treat Upper-classmen with utmost respect and humility.
- II. Join in all college yells.
- III. *Ye shall not wear—*
 1. False hair,
 2. Class colors of any description.
 3. Hats in any form.
 4. Dutch collars with uniform (that right being reserved for Seniors).
 5. Lingerie dresses nor white shoes.
 6. Hair in curl papers nor parted in the middle.

- IV. *Ye shall not eat—*
 1. Ice cream nor Y. W. C. A. candy (milk should be fed these growing babies).
 2. Anything but lemons, onions, garlic, and limburger.
- Ye shall not—*
 - V. Speak unless spoken to.
 - VI. Assemble in groups of more than two.
 - VII. Be seen on the park after nine-thirty p. m.
 - VIII. Play tiddle-de-wink or other childish games.
 - IX. Talk to men at receptions where Seniors are present.
 - X. Sit on the benches in the park.
 - XI. Wear prep-school emblems except on the back.

All Honor to Ye Seniors

Ricka-Chicka-Boom
Ricka-Chicka-Boom
Ricka-Chicka-Ricka-Chicka
Boom-Boom-Boom—

Rip-Rap-Ren
Rip-Rap-Ren
Seniors, Seniors!
1910

The Graduate's Return

Tenderly, proudly, we yield her again to thee,
Brightest and sweetest and fairest of girls.
Laughter and sunshine and song will she bring to thee
Through years that escape like broken stringed pearls.

Earnestly, faithfully, long have we wrought for her,
Body and spirit and mind to uplift.
Swift her response and strong her endeavor
The gold from the dross to carefully sift.

Now in the closing she cometh again to thee
Meet for the ministering mission of home;
Thy needs and thy longings, thy wish will she meet for thee,
Constant, unfaltering, nor given to roam.

May love be her portion in bountiful measure,
Love that is fondest and lasting and true;
Fair be her pathway, unfailing in pleasure,
Flower-strewn and shining with sunlight and dew.

—I. E. H.



INEZ GILL, S / X, X Y Z, Y. W. C. A. . . . Magnolia, Mississippi

Vice-President of Mrs. Berry's Class, '08-'09. Bible Circle Leader, '09. Music Editor of Annual, '09-'10. Secretary of Athletic Association, '09-'10. Delegate to Rochester Convention, '09. President of Mrs. Berry's Class, '09-'10. Chairman of Music Committee of Y. W. C. A., '09-'10. Glee Club Accompanist, '09-'10. Orchestra Accompanist, '09-'10. Suffragette.

*"Fashioned so slenderly,
Young and so fair."*

Way down South on the land of cotton.

Some things we may forget, but the memory of her daily "tum-a-tum-tum" will be echoed in our dreams (nightmares) during all our youthful lives. She is small in name, but not in fame, for in spite of those hours of misery to us, she has gained renown in the musical world. Her progress through college was smooth and unbroken except by midnight feasts and other pranks. Among her traits most prominent, is her keen sense of duty to never let her "studies interfere with her regular college course."

MOSSIE LUCAS, Y. W. C. A. Tampa, Fla.

Diploma in English.

Secretary of Sophomore Class, '07. Tennis Club, '07. Representative of Golf Club, '07. Treasurer of Junior Class, '08. President of Florida Club, '08. Representative of Clara Schumann Club, '08. Business Manager of Glee Club, '09. President of Representative Maids, '09. J. W. C. A. Finance Committee, '09. Vice-President of Dixie Club, '10. Secretary of S. C. R. R., '01. Vice-President of Glee Club, '10. Assistant Treasurer of Y. W. C. A., '10. Riding Club, Cotillon Club. President of Special Diploma Class, '10.

"She is a little bit of sarcasm and a little bit of wit."

"Jerry" spent her younger days sniffing the salty atmosphere around Tampa, but being possessed of the high ambition to taste the sweetness of Tennessee air, she matriculated at Belmont long years ago. Since then she has been the "orchestra" on Saturday nights, occasionally stopping to tip the "light fantastic" herself. Now, with the treasured sheep-skin, she goes back to "The Land of Flowers" to make moves for the prevention of the increase of the old-maid list.



LAURA MAYS, Y. W. C. A. Marietta, Ga.

Special Diploma in English.

Secretary of Special Diploma Class, '10. Secretary of Georgia Club, '09. Secretary of Gobblers Club, '10. Suffragette. Dixie Club. Riding Club.

"God bless the boys; I love them all."

Brassy was born to lead. In her we see the rare combination of "Carrie Nation" and "Cleopatra." She aspired to dictatorship when she first arrived, but was soon put in the stronghold of Belmont traditions. She didn't mind much, but the separation from the "K. A.'s" filled her cup of woe to overflowing. She is a timid little thing and her amount of "hammered brass" extends no further than asking for our class to be invited to Miss Townsend's reception.

ELLA WHITNEL, # K. A. A. A. A. D. C. C.,

Y. W. C. A., S. C. S. R., Gobblers East St. Louis, Ill.

Special Diploma in English and Expression.

Vice-President of Special Diploma Class, '09-'10. Vice-President of High School Club, '09. Representative of Leschetezky Club, '09. Editor-in-Chief of Blue and Bronze, '10. President of Expression Class, '10. Vice-President of Yankee Club, '10. Glee Club, '10.

"Speech is silver—silence is golden."

Again, for the third time, Illinois is immortalized. With Ella's arrival all former glories fade into insignificance. And now she has climbed past Editor in Chief of the Blue and Bronze, and is threatened with English and Expression Dipo. It's a sure thing—two sheep-skins and a bunch of posies will be her reward.



ETHEL NICHOLS, Y. W. C. A. Gordonsville, Tenn.

Diploma in English.

Dixie Club. Gobblers Club. S. C. S. R.

"Some girls are born to fast, but not to silence."

Ethel goes abroad always talking, adding joy to each girl's life and making them listen to her constant prattle. Consequently they forget their woes when face to face with this automatic talking machine. This characteristic only adds charm to this demure maid.

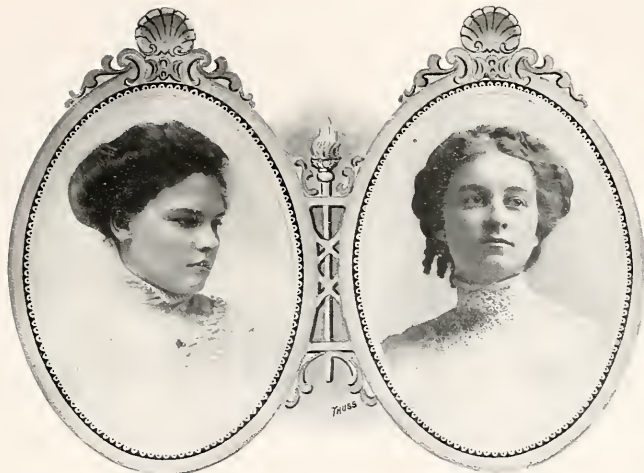
MAY BELLE COLEMAN Greenwood, South Carolina

"To show a good spirit is much help in every difficulty."

This maiden from South Carolina came to Belmont with great ambitions. Those ambitions were to be a Special Diploma and to keep chapel and corridor quiet. The latter was quite easy, for May Belle herself says, "I don't talk much," and only on "roll" mornings did she ever speak.

Although the classmates were envious of her wisdom and jealous of her reputation, yet—

*"Specials cared much about her,
Couldn't have done without her,
See now what she's taught us. Look wise!*



LOUISE NANCE, T Φ Σ , Y. W. C. A., S. C. S. R. Alabama

Special in English and Music.

Humor Committee of "Mildred Brown," '08. Superintendent of Practice. Secretary of Clara Schumann Club, '08. President of Clara Schumann Club, '09. President of High School Club, '09. Assistant Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '09. Vice-President of Y. W. C. A., '10. Delegate to Asheville Convention, '09. Delegate to Rochester Convention, '10. Vice-President of S. C. S. R., '10. Member of Sunday Pikers. Bible Leader, '08-'10.

"Phi" joined the "Society for Prevention of Peace" when she became Practice Superintendent. She declares that "Honesty is the worst policy" since she lost her dime, hence her name "Phi Nance." If I had ten pages to write on and a bomb-proof to hide in afterwards, I'd tell you some things about her, but I haven't either, so will tell the nice things only. She aspired to be a foreign missionary, but since she's been in Belmont decided that "Charity begins at home."

ALBERTA PAULINE COOPER Nashville, Tennessee

Special Diploma in English.

Makes a specialty of tadpoles and is authority on all matters pertaining to frogs and the welfare of the admired Nashville men. Teachers will please excuse all tardiness at classes, as it sometimes requires more than a limited five minutes to satisfy the clamoring girls as to the doings of the city and Vandy men they wish were as interested in them.



MARY DEBOE, Y. W. C. A. Marion, Ky.

Special Diploma in English.

Member of Annual Committee on Statistics, '09. Chairman of Devotional Committee, Y. W. C. A., '00-'10. Assistant Secretary of Y. W. C. A., '09-'10. Delegate to Y. W. C. A. Convention at Lexington, Ky., '09. Associate Editor of Blue and Bronze, '10. Dixie Club. Gobblers. S. C. S. R.

"Constancy in labor will conquer all difficulties."

Mary leads the Special Diploma Class in noble deeds as well as in class standing. Her loving disposition has endeared her to all who know her.

LUCILE JONES, Y. W. C. A. Elizabethtown, Ky.

Diploma in English, diploma in Philosophy, and
Diploma in Expression.

Gobblers.

"Like sunshine in a shady place."

"Jonsie" was discovered by the missionaries long years ago in Kentucky. When quite young was taken in hand, accustomed to civilization, and brought to this country in 1907. She was turned over to the Juniors and developed into a proficient dancer, expert painter, and donner of trains.



DAISY MATZNER, T Φ S,
X Y Z, Y. W. C. A. Meridian, Miss.

Special English Diploma.

Assistant College Editor of Blue and Bronze, '08. Secretary of Tennis Club, '08. Secretary of High School Club, '08. Lion Baseball Team, '08. Varsity Basketball Team, '08. Literary Committee of "Milady in Brown," '08. Athletic Editor of Blue and Bronze, '09. Captain of Hockey Team, '09. Senior Basketball Team, '10. Honor Committee of "Milady in Brown," '10. Walking Delegate of "Sunday Pikers," '10. Riding Club, '10. Gobblers.

"Her thoughts her own, herself her own delight."

If Belmont could only run on the plans that mature in Daisy's fertile brain, what a rare old place it would be. But it would never be the same for two days in succession, for "Date-y" hates monotony—even when you call it consistency. She lives according to no rules and takes her pathway along the line of least resistance. Her motto is, "Whatever is, is wrong."



LILA MAY TOLLEY,
Y. W. C. A., S. C. S. R. Columbia, Tenn.

Diploma in English, Diploma in Philosophy.

Treasurer of Special Diploma Class, '09-'10. Manager of Basketball Team, '07-'08. Captain of Basketball Team, '08-'09. Vice-President of Webb Music Club, '08-'09. Treasurer of Junior Class, '08-'09. Secretary of Tennessee Club, '08-'09. Tennis Club, '08-'10. Secretary of Dixie Club, '09-'10. Captain of "S" Basketball Team, '09-'10. Athletic Association, '08-'10. Riding Club, '10.

"Life without laughing is a dreary blank."

Absolutely ineligible to the Knockers Club, she comes as a gentle pilgrim (?) from Tennessee. Chapel bells nor onion smells do not disturb her; so smoothly turn the wheels of her existence that even the gentle creaks thereof disturb not her fellow beings. The biographer has wondered why an all-wise Providence should make such a person, who is always cheerful, even at the wrong time. Nevertheless, we must learn to bear this eternal good nature with Christian resignation.



ELLEN SIMMONS KERNACHAN, Y. W. C. A. Alabama

S. C. S. R., Treasurer of Clara Schumann Club, '08-'09. Bible Study Leader, '08-'09, Chairman Bible Study Committee, '09-'10. Dixie Club, Gobblers.

Ellen is a product of Alabama, and an addition to the State, too. She is a firm believer in passing a good thing along, so in 1907 came to Belmont with the injunction to grasp as much as possible. In view of this she led Y. W. C. A. a time or two, answered several questions in her many classes, and was occasionally seen exercising on the campus. She has even gone so far as to picture her diploma framed, hanging over the parlor door at home.

LUCILE MORGAN, Y. W. C. A. Birmingham, Ala.

Diploma in English.

Gobblers Club. Hockey Team. Rowing Club. Dixie Club.

"Where Dame Fashion leads, she follows."

The tradition of Belmont has no power over "Cindy," for she always manages to add a little dab of paint and a little puff of powder to make her look like what she aint. We often wonder if the "chaps" could see her at breakfast time, if they would still call her "The Belmont Ideal Fashion Plate." But notwithstanding all this, "Cindy" is indeed a very intellectual girl, and always applies herself to her work.



JOSEPHINE FRY Nashville, Tennessee

Special Diploma in English.

The zephyrs wafted her into Belmont several years ago. Even then she was not the frivolous lass that most of her classmates were, and as time went on, a burning ambition kindled within her to be a Special. She has now attained this height, and is a shining star among her classmates.

MARY ELIZABETH MARSHALL, B S O, Y. W. C. A., Kansas City, Mo.

Diploma in Expression.

Westerners Club. Gobblers.

*"A jolly word, a pleasant smile,
For everyone as she passes through life."*

"Shrimp" hails from Missouri, and must be shown. Having annexed a sheep-skin at Central College, she came to waste her knowledge on the Belmont air. It is prophesied by Dame Fortune that she will become a favorite "star." We are patiently awaiting her appearance on the college rostrum "to show us." The charm of her dramatic power lies in her simplicity and her earnestness. All who know "Shrimp" well know that every action is full of vim and power and her talent, instead of proving a bar of envy to those who know her, has endeared her to them.



Chief Struttler



Vain Glorious Struttler



Tight Wad Struttler



Ordinary Banned Cobblers.

Faculty Visits St. Peter

St. Peter is a hard-worked man—
He keeps the golden gate.
To him all mortals have to go
At last, to learn their fate.

St. Peter woke—he thought 'twas dawn,
The air was all so red—
But no! 'Twas our Miss *Butler* dear,
With shawl about her head.

"Is Horace here, and Livy, too,
And Cicero so dear?"
"To find them now, it seems you must
Pass on, pass on, I fear."

Calm Miss *Buchanan* next came up
And faced stern St. Peter,
Nor shook she then as girls of old
Had trembled when with her.

She made her statements calm' and cool,
Concise and very true—
To enter in the golden gate
She knew was her just due.

Miss *Osborn* walked up to the gate:
"I hope you're all in tune,
For if the lyres are not all right,
I fear I'll leave you soon."

"I can not stand to hear the hymns
If they are not just fine."
"Fear not," and lo! St. Peter spoke,
"For we use only thine!"

"Miss *Wendell*, why are you so late?"
"Please do not scold me so—
I stopped to see my *taddy*, dear,
Lose all his tail, you know!"

"St. Peter, must I tell my arts—
Of all the good I've done;
How I have lightened many a heart,
And many a one I've won."

"Miss *Bogenrief*, I fear that then
You've broken hearts down there,
But if you now repent, I think
I'll give you trial fair."

Then *Dr. Landrieth* neared the gate,
All tired and worn and weak:
"I've fought a fight—a dreadful strife—
With men who were not meek."

"Red-neck-tie-dudes they were, in fact,
That held me up to-day.
Oh, may I enter in the gate?"
"Pass on, pass on your way!"

Miss *Webb* came up a-whistling there,
And briskly she did walk:
"I would have come much sooner, but
I heard the girls who talk.

'Twas after light-bell. Now, you know,
It is against the rule—
I had to take their deportment down
Before I left the school!"

Faculty Visits St. Peter—Continued

Miss *Golay* soon arrived in haste,
She'd run 'most all the way;
She stopped to take a good deep breath,
For much she had to say.

"St. Peter, I have taught the girls
Of books so good and true,
About dear Shakespeare and his plays,
About dear Milton, too."

"Of Ruskin, too, I've taught them much
About his books and ways—
She breathed—but, lo! St. Peter spoke:
"Walk in and spend your days."

Miss *Simpson* stood before the gate:
"Are cats allowed in here?"
"Yes, yes," said Peter; then, tho' 'twas late,
Miss *Simpson* turned and ran in fear.

"McDonald," called out Peter next.
She came up, wearied quite.
" 'Twas callers, sir, till I was vexed!"
"Excused, pass to the right."

A brown-eyed spinster next did come,
With "*Memoirs*" in her hand:
"I e'er improved the minds at school
Of all that weary band."

"Oh, dear St. Peter, have you read—"
But the gates were opened wide,
And now Miss Maxwell and her book
Are safe at last inside.

Then darkness falls, St. Peter goes
Unto his place for rest,
For some he's sent upon their way
And others he has blest.

Old Peter glanced down thro' the list
Of folks who should be there.
"Miss *Heron*—why is she not here?
I'll look her up for fair."

At midnight then she came at last,
With a tale so very new—
"She'd tho't it was an *auto* horn,
Not *Gabriel's* horn, that blew!"

'Twas late, so down the old man came
To lock the golden gates.
He closed them then, and in the locks
The key began to grate.

When far from off the river's edge
A call was heard to come:
"St. Peter, let me in, I pray,
I had to do a sum;

'Twas all because those girls did not
Their *excess laundry* pay—
I had to wait, and wait, and wait,
Till I was late to-day!"

But dear St. Peter went right on
And left the golden gate.
He turned and spoke these sad, short words:
"Miss *Hood*, you are too late!"

—I. M. H.

	First Mate HILMA GREEN		Captain EVA MILTON		Second Mate FLORENCE LEE	
Pilot CHARLOTTE LOVE	Bursar ANNE L. MOSELEY			Engineer ROSA LOU BELL	Provision Steward MAY BURNS	
	Bo'swains MARY FRANC COILE, ANNE CHESLEY KATHLEEN CONNER	Chief Cook and Bottle Washer EDWINA DICKSON		Deck Stewards HAZEL WILSON, MAUDE MALONE INEZ EKLUND		
		Passengers RUTH CAPERS, GAYNELLE ROBINSON IDA FAE WOOLDRIDGE				

First Year Senior's Expedition to the South Pole

On the twenty-third of September, 1909, a brave and dauntless crew embarked on a dangerous expedition in search of the South Pole. This stout-hearted band called themselves "First-Year Seniors," and they resolved to face any peril with courage and to succeed in their attempt to reach the pole or die. They embarked on the good ship "Endeavor" and, after many delays, started on their voyage.

The ship sailed smoothly at first, but one dark night the crew was very much startled by piercing shrieks from the ship's watch, Annah McIntire Cox, and Martha Trogdon. Every one rushed on deck and found that a great storm had risen and the ship was tossing in the dangerous seas of Chemistry. The crew was dazed with fright, but Mildred Jones and Ollie Connell bravely seized a bottle of sulphuric acid, and while Mary Jane Brown held the stopper, they poured it on the waves. At first the sea boiled furiously, but in a few minutes it subsided, and they sailed on.

After that, troubles came on them thick and fast; a great Trigonometry iceberg collided with the ship, knocking an equilateral triangle from the prow, and with great difficulty a new piece was constructed of sines and cosines by the ship's carpenters, Elise Epperson and Vera Warren. They were caught in an ice-floe of Latin and the ship was slowly

being crushed, but Effie Wootten stepped boldly on deck, and, urged on by Laura Davis, gave such a marvelous Virgil translation that the ice melted away and disappeared for very shame.

They were attacked by a Rhetorical polar bear, and many wounds were received before Louise Parkes and Ellie Hail came to the rescue with several bushels of themes, expositions, stories, outlines, and model paragraphs, which they fired at Sir Bruin, and by the time they had finished, he was thoroughly subdued. They were almost frozen in the snows of Literature, but Hazel Tynes suggested that they build a fire of all their Tennyson, Browning, and Wordsworth books, and this being done by Alpha Sledge and Sybil Lowenberg, the party was warm and comfortable for many days. Fannie Lou Bragg and Roberta Dublin slew several History walruses and kept the party well supplied with food.

It was a bruised and battered company that dragged themselves wearily across the ice to the land of Seniors, but they were not discouraged. "We have not reached the pole yet," they said, "but we shall camp just without these borders until next fall, and then we shall make the final dash to the pole, and even to the B. A. degree of latitude.

First-Year Seniors

MOTTO
"Credo, credo, cresco"

COLORS
Green and White

FLOWER
White Sweet Pea

Officers

EVA MILTON	President
HILMA GREEN	Vice-President
FLORENCE LEE	Secretary
ANNE MOSELEY	Treasurer

Members

Rosa Lou Bell		Ida M. Hood
Fannie Lou Bragg		Mildred Jones
Anna Deal Bramwell		Florence Lee
Mary Jane Brown		Sybil Lowenberg
May Burns	Ida Fae Wooldridge	Charlotte Love
Ruth Capers		Maude Malone
Anne Chesley		Eva Milton
Ollie Connell		Anne Moseley
Kathleen Conner		Mabel Murphy
Annah McIntire Cox		Louise Parkes
Mignon Culberhouse		Gaynelle Robinson
Laura Louise Davis	Effie Wootten	Alpha Sledge
Edwina Dickson		Martha Trogon
Roberta Lee Dublin		Hazel Tynes
Elise Epperson		Vera Warren
Hilma Green		Hazel Wilson
Ellie Hail	Juliette Wolcott	

College Preparatory Class

MOTTO
"Nil desperandum"

COLORS
Wine and Silver Blue

SPONSORS
Miss Juliette Golay Miss Martha Cason

FLOWER
Violet

Officers

EUDORA MAJOR	President
IDA HOOD	Vice-President
RUTH ATTERBURY	Secretary
HELEN HUGHES	Treasurer

Members

Ruth Atterbury			Helen Hughes
Helen Krell	Epsie Brandt		Eudora Major
Rachel Northn		Meta Ormsbee	
Ida Hood	Lillian Freeman		



What the College Preps Know

WHAT IDA HOOD KNOWS:

How to get a good Horace grade under Miss Butler.
How to breathe better for Expression than Hazel Baker.
How to fall down steps gracefully and knock the head and the heel of her shoe off.
How to write such an excellent paper on the Rochester Convention that Miss Hood was moved to express her entire approval.
How to announce basket-ball practice (and get the girls to come).
How to keep the most orderly room in Founders.
How to make a hit with Mac at a Thanksgiving reception.
How to get so many copies of famous pictures that she can't keep up with their names.
How to tell of "times we had last summer."

WHAT RACHEL NORTH KNOWS:

How to bluff the teachers.
How to be a heart-breaker at Thanksgiving receptions.
How to be an ideal room mate.
How to be the personification of conceit.
How to work Miss Goley in Cicero.
How to cause fits to say "I guess he's not so much gone on her as she thinks."
How to be languidly pleased.

WHAT META ORMSBEE KNOWS:

How to get her lessons by reading magazines.
How to room with an "Angel."
How to walk slow and in a dignified manner.
How to look wise in class.
How to indite loving epistles to the masculine element.
How to be the possessor of such an extraordinary laugh that everybody goes into ecstasy when it ripples forth.
How to write such brilliant articles for the Annual that only one or two could possibly be used—as they would have so outdone all other feeble efforts as to be practically out of the question.

WHAT RUTH ATTERBURY KNOWS:

How to forget the meaning of "crush" since La Perle left.
How to be a living example of the healthfulness of Belmont.
How to have a most inquisitive curiosity.
How to gossip.
How to drink claret and Tokay Punch.
How to be absolutely indifferent to the opposite sex.
How to walk in a springy, graceful manner.
How to manage to go with people who have money and aren't particularly averse to spending it.



WHAT LILLIAN FREEMAN KNOWS:

How to go all the way through the Physical Culture Department in one year.
How to lead wand drills.
How to ask for a No. 22 collar.
How to study.
How to take girls out to dinner.

WHAT HELEN HUGHES KNOWS:

How to brag unaffectedly.
How to say "I aint never goin' to do it."
How to canvass votes for her election to the S. C. S. R. Roll.
How to get home and stay there.
How to express her opinion of other folks' actions.

WHAT EUDORA MAJOR KNOWS:

How to manage to see Reece Ingram at least once a day.
How to grin like a Bihiken.
How to prepare for Wellesley.
How to learn the gentle art of arguing by practicing with Miss Maxwell in Sunday-school class.
How to have so much ingenuity that Miss Cook is always praising her for it in Lab. (7) (7) (7) (7) (7) (7) (7) (7).
How to petrify Freshmen by her glances (but she seems to be perfectly irresistible to Sophomores).
How to hold receptions in her room at all hours of the day and night, so that she really should label her room "Open Night and Day."
How to enjoy to its utmost the beautiful Belmont campus from March 29 to April 19.
How to appreciate golden hair—especially if it's curly.

WHAT HELEN KRELL KNOWS:

How to recite brilliantly in History class.
How to pull the wool over Miss Wendel's eyes.
How to "crush" successfully.
How to win Mary Bell's affectionate regard.
How to determine the ratio Mary Bell : Helen Krell : Helen Krell : Mary Bell.

WHAT EPSIE BRANDT KNOWS:

How to live in the phone office.
How to charm Miss Butler.
How to get "cats" at midnight.
How to get campused.
How to talk in such a quick manner that you have to ride in an auto to keep up.



JUNIORS

Junior Class

COLORS
Lavender and Gold

MOTTO
"Work wins"

FLOWER
Lilac

Officers

MARY SUE NANCE	President
CATHERINE YATES	Vice-President
ELEANOR DEE GORDON	Secretary

Members

	Rena Belle Anderson	Mary O. Littell
	Pauline Atterbury	Mary Lou Long
	Mabel Aydelotte	Ella Mallory
	Ruth Beggs	Mary E. Marshall
	Louise Blackstone	Helen Marx
	Sallie Key Brown	Helen McCabe
	Mary J. Buchanan	Pauline McCain
	Stella Collins	Elizabeth McClure
Frances Cox	Mary Agnes Weber	Ione Montgomery
Lillie Dalton	Margaret Whittington	Mary Sue Nance
Katherine Doty	Catherine Yates	Ola Nelms
Milliscent Elston		Marcia Paramoro
Rae Gaddis		Eleanor Ristine
Carolyn Giddings		Carrie Rives
Myrtis Gilliland		Mary Rucker
Eleanor Dee Gordon		Kathleen Rush
Elise Joe Henderson		Genendel Schnabaum
Julia Jastremski		Mildred Sidebottom
Pearl Kahn		Irene Sternberger

JUNIORS



Sophomore Class

COLORS
Blue and White

FLOWER
White Rose

Officers

BIRDIE MAE MATTHEWS	President
HAZEL SCALES	Vice-President
LUCY BAILEY	Secretary
LOUISE ARMSTRONG	Treasurer

Members

Louise Armstrong	Grace Landrith
Lucy Bailey	Emily Martin
Esther Baskette	Birdie Mae Matthews
Mattie Lena Blalock	Lucile New
Irene Booker	Martha Hall Newman
Jeannette Chapman	Hazel Scales
Christine Davis	Heleen Taylor
Hazel Davis	Nora Trousdale
Mary Goodloe	Louise Waggener
Ruth Hervey	Mary G. Walker
Fairfax Janin	Nelwyn Williams
Zetta Jones	Marion Whittington
Alice Kleberg	
Carrie Kernachan	







Freshman Class

Officers

LOUISE BUCKINGHAM	President
MARY DALE ROBERTSON	Vice-President
DONNA BLAIR ROSEBOROUGH	Secretary
ESTHER AVENT	Treasurer

Members

Esther Avent
Louise Buckingham
Beatrice Cockle
Frances Klyce
Catherine Berry Pilcher
Mary Dale Robertson
Donna Blair Roseborough
Elsie Latch
Blanche Robinson
Hazel Gray Larmon

Irregulars

Officers

REBECCA LITTLEPAGE	President
CHARLES LITTLEPAGE	Vice-President
MARIE MYERS	Secretary
LUCILE CROW	Treasurer

Members

Sally Bright Allison	Lillian Eoff	Virginia Maddox	Gertrude Newman
Mae Belle Abrams	Lolie Tate Fall	Rachel Major	Madge Norton
Lily Belle Anderson	Frances Ford	Ida Mallory	Aileen Peoples
Rena Belle Anderson	Katherine Foote	Mildred Mason	Ruth Phillips
Mattie Fae Arnold	Louise Wyatt	Margaret Maury	Erna Pierson
Winnifred Angell	Caroline Frater	Annie McKean	Catherine Pilcher
Anna Deal Bramwell	Susie Fristoe	Mary Lou McLarty	Nea Portwood
Emma Louise Brock	Selma Gardner	Grace McMain	Ethel Purcell
Beckwith Baird	Alma Gordon	Elliotte Meador	Marguerite Quick
Mary Bell	Mattie Zufall	Edith Miller	Margaret Robertson
Berta Bent	Elfreda Gray	Mattie Hinton	Alma Rankin
Gracia Booher	Tulita Green	Annie Carroll Hoffman	Blanche Robinson
Edith Beggs	Elizabeth Grinter	Lenore Hague	Florence Robinson
Hazel Benson	Mabel Grizzard	Aulene Holleman	Sadie Ross
Eva Blakeney	Pearl Hafner	Christine Holman	Elva Rowe
Hazel Bumbtaugh	Christine Hamilton	Calgie May Horn	Katherine Ruble
Hazel Baker	Louise Hamilton	Lona May Howard	Blanche Rutter
Erin Blackshear	Mary Agnes Harding	Jennie Mary Hull	Aimee Salmon
Jamie Bateman	Mae Hallow	Lucile Hull	Louise Savage
Marie Elise Bolton	Frankie Harmon	Mabel Inglis	Clara Schilling
Lilah Bishop	Juanita Harris	Reece Ingram	Mary Shadow
Catherine Brown	Lillie Hayes	Norma Isaacs	Evelyn Shaner
Daisy Brooks	Aileen Haley	Bertha Jamieson	Carrie Lee Sherrod
Clara Baird	Mary Haynes	Kathleen Jameson	Dolce Simpson
Elizabeth Brown	Mary Head	Ruth Johnson	Hassie Smith
Mary Baker	Pearl Heisey	Sloan Johnson	Julia Spencer
Bessie Byrd	Frances Hill	Marguerite Jurey	Lucile Stoner
Lucile Crow	Cora Henderson	Florence Kahn	Bessie Stovall
Roxie Cage	Christelle Hemphill	Rose Kavanaugh	Felicia Streit
Idalee Carlisle	Melita Knox	Mary Dee Kelly	Lucile Taylor
Cleo Carpenter	Helen Krell	Henrietta Kieberg	Emma Taylor
Carolyn Cheaney	Arlene Kirk	Blanche Knight	Edna Thomas
Gladys Clarke	Annie Lamar	Lois Knight	Pauline Thornton
Helen Clarke	Ruth Lamsdell	Mary Louise Knight	Frances Thredgill
Jessie Clifford	Virginia Lea	Ada Miller	Melinda Timmons
Marguerite Colcord	Ruby Mai Leach	Jeanette Moorman	Delia Voglesang
Kittie Cowden	Rudina Lightman	Kathleen Moorman	Lydila Tuerke
Virginia Craig	Nettie Lindsey	Sarah Morris	Marie Walker
Nellie Cunningham	Nora Lindsey	Marie Myers	Lillie James Walling
Clarice Dewey	Charles Littlepage	Emanie Naim	Ethel Warnock
Louise Dial	Rebecca Littlepage	Edna Neely	Ruby May Warnock
Edna Eatman	Dolores Lockwood	Queenie Neeley	Aileen Webb
Eva Eatman	Turcesa Lowenstein	Mary Nelson	Allie Belle Williams
	Beryl Williams	Noi Woolard	
	Lorraine Williams	Victoria Wootten	
	Mary Alice Whitson	Nannie Yates	
	Gladys Woodson		

Irregular Class



IRREGULAR CLASS



IRREGULAR CLASS



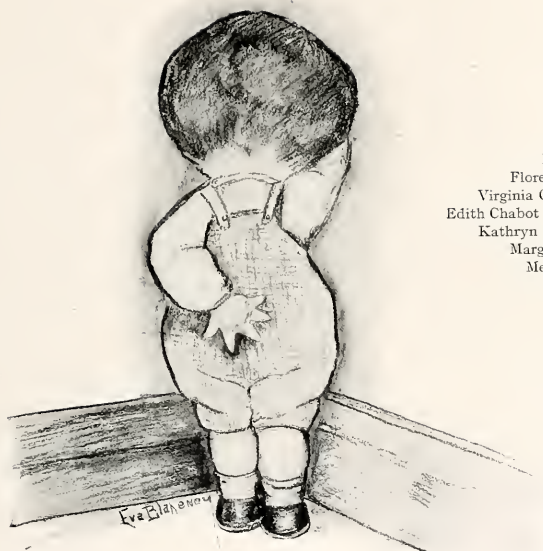


Belmont Preparatory

Clara Baird
 Jane Douglass Crawford
 Mary D. Houston
 Gladys Jennings
 Marion Leftwich
 Mary Nelson

Penelope Winford

Mary Louise Crawford
 Elizabeth Hart
 Ida Hoover
 Helly Kelly
 Ruth McEwen
 Annie Paulk



Elementary School

Lamar Hesselberg	Walter Latsch
Florence Bassett	Annie Kendrick McGill
Virginia Carmichael	La Una New
Edith Chabot	Helen Wallace
Margaret Harrison	Frances Robinson
Kathryn Craig	Thomas Robinson
Margaret Duval	Adrienne Stokes
Melvyn Hesselberg	Mary Leftwich Rawlings

Study Hour on the Park

In a secluded spot on the campus a girl sat studying. In her lap she held a small brown book, which bore in black letters on the cover, "Cicero's Orations." Helen turned the leaves back and forth listlessly, while a tiny frown appeared now and then on her brow. "Oh, dear! it's so hard" she murmured, "and so dry!"

Just then a little brown figure jumped up in front of her. She sat up and rubbed her eyes.

"What on earth can it be?" she thought.

"Why do you sit here and study that hard lesson?" it asked "when you could be doing something else? How would you like to go away before that class?" nodding at the book in her lap, "just disappear, you know?"

"Oh, wouldn't I!" cried the girl in wonder, "but I couldn't," and she looked as though she was ready to burst into tears.

"Could if you wanted to," answered the brown creature coolly.

"How, oh, how?" She was growing interested.

"Come with me and I will show you," and he set off at so great a rate that it was all she could do to follow him. The journey was so rapid that when they drew up in front of a big gray wall, Helen was all out of breath.

"Is this the end?" she panted, dropping down on a big flat boulder.

"Nothing is ever the end unless you want it to be, you know." As it spoke it faced Helen for the first time, and she found that the queer little brown creature was a man. His eyes were black and shone in his head like little beads,

his hair was a dark brown in the shade, but when the sun's rays fell upon it, it became a strange bronze green. He wore a big brown cape that fell all the way to the ground, and his hat was only a big brown feather. He pulled back some vines, disclosing a large hole.

"Come on," he called, and together they entered what seemed to Helen to be a dark underground passage. For some time they walked in silence, but presently Helen's curiosity got the better of her and she asked, "Where are we going?"

"Away from your Latin class," he answered, and that was all she could get out of him.

Suddenly a turn in the passage brought them into a big hall flooded with light, but try as she would Helen could not find from whence the light came. In the center of the hall there was a big table and seated at it were a number of little brown men just like Helen's escort.

"Hurry up!" called the little man; "they are waiting for us." The little brown people made room for Helen at the table and immediately began offering her things to eat. At first they passed her a big bowl filled with dry, colorless chips.

"What's this?" she asked after taking the first bite.

"They are your themes that you have written this year in English C."

"But why are they so dry and colorless?"

"Because you made them so, I presume," answered one of the brown men in a deep hollow voice. When the next bowl was passed round Helen asked meekly, "What's in there?"

"That is Middle Ages as it is in your mind."

"But what's in it?" persisted Helen, for the bowl was so big she could not see within.

"We never could tell, exactly; it's so mixed up, you know—more trash than anything else, I think."

"I wonder what makes them say 'you know' so much," thought Helen.

"Because you ought to know, oughtn't you?" some one answered as though she had spoken out loud; "you go to Belmont College, don't you?"

"Do you want anything more to eat?" asked a shrill voice in her ear.

"What is it?"

"Cicero's Orations boiled down, you know."

"No, I don't know!" answered Helen, stamping her foot. "And besides it's too brown. What's that in that dish by you?"

"Physics problems, but they wouldn't agree with you."

"Why?" asked Helen in surprise.

"Things you don't understand, you never can digest you know." It was the man with the hollow voice who answered and as he spoke he handed her a plate with little hard, black cakes on it.

"What are they?" she asked with a wry face.

"Well, I never could tell exactly; they taste something like Geometry, but they are so mixed up with other things I'm not sure," and he shook his head. "Would you like to try one?"

"No," answered Helen flatly, "I want to go back, I'm tired."

As she spoke the lights in the hall began to grow dim, the voices of the little brown people grew indistinct, till at last the whole hall faded from view, and Helen found herself on an old bench in the college campus, with a small brown book in her lap, and on the cover, in big black letters, were the words "Cicero's Orations."

ELIZABETH McCLURE.







Alpha Delta Alpha Sorority

(Founded at Belmont College in 1909)

COLORS
Green and White

FLOWER
Magnolia

Members

Artemesia Ashbrook	<i>T Ø Σ</i>	Kentucky
Margaret Caldwell	<i>Σ I X</i>	Alabama
Juanita Evans	<i>Ø K A</i>	South Carolina
Elizabeth Grinter	<i>Ø M</i>	Kentucky
Marguerite Jurey	<i>T Ø Σ</i>	Kentucky
Florence Lee	<i>Σ I X</i>	West Virginia
Charles Littlepage	<i>B Σ O</i>	West Virginia
Rebecca Littlepage	<i>B Σ O</i>	West Virginia
Margaret Maury	<i>T Ø Σ</i>	Tennessee
Edna Neely	<i>Ø M</i>	Ohio
Marie Newman	<i>B Σ O</i>	Alabama
Eleanor Ristine	<i>Ø M</i>	Indiana
Louise Savage	<i>Ø K A</i>	Tennessee
Bessie Smith	<i>Ø M</i>	Tennessee
Ruth Trice	<i>Σ I X</i>	Florida
Ella Whitnel	<i>Ø K A</i>	Illinois

Beta Sigma Omicron

(Founded in 1888, at University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.)

COLORS
Ruby and Pink

FLOWER
Red Carnation

Chapters

ALPHA	University of Missouri, Columbia, Mo.
BETA	Synodical College, Fulton, Mo.
GAMMA	Christian College, Columbia, Mo.
DELTA	University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah
EPSILON	Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
ZETA	Crescent College, Eureka, Mo.
ETA	Stephens College, Columbia, Mo.
THETA	Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
KAPPA	Fairmont Seminary, Washington, D. C.
LAMBDA	Hamilton College, Lexington, Ky.
NU	Brenau College, Gainesville, Ga.
XI	Central College, Lexington, Mo.
OMICRON	Lodus Liberty College, Liberty, Mo.

Roll of Theta Chapter 1909-1910

Clara Beeland	Alabama	Pearl Hafner	Missouri
Brita Bent	Colorado	Rebecca Littlepage	West Virginia
Mary Buchanan	Arkansas	Charles Littlepage	West Virginia
Jessie Clifford	Arkansas	Mary Elizabeth Marshall	Missouri
Marguerite Colcord	Oklahoma	Edith Miller	Oklahoma
Caroline Frater	Tennessee	Marie Newman	Alabama
Luile Tate Fall	Tennessee	Anna Steele	Tennessee
Allie Belle Williams	Oklahoma		
Louise Waggener	Kansas		
Catherine Helen Yates	Illinois		



Theta Kappa Delta

(Founded at Belmont College in 1897)

COLORS
Red and Gold

FLOWER
Red Carnation

Active Members 1909-1910

Jamie Bateman	Arkansas
Mary Baker	Oklahoma
Fannie Bennie	Tennessee
Mary Bell	Tennessee
Sallie Key Brown	Mississippi
Bessie Byrd	Kentucky
Ernestine Elder	Tennessee
Juanita Evans	South Carolina
Juanita Harris	Mississippi
Marie Harlow	Mississippi
Ruth Hervey	Mississippi
Lillie Hayes	Tennessee
Helen Krell	Illinois
Ruby Mai Leach	Tennessee
Birdie Mae Matthews	Illinois
Mary Lou McLarty	Mississippi
Louise Savage	Tennessee
Florence Shelton	Tennessee
Aileen Webb	Tennessee
Ella Whitnel	Illinois
Mattie Zufall	Oklahoma

[illegible]

Tau Phi Sigma

(Founded in 1890 at Nashville, Tenn.)

COLORS
Pink and Gray

FLOWER
La France Rose

Active Members 1909-1910

Artie Ashbrook	Kentucky
Albion Bacon	Indiana
Katherine Bone	Tennessee
Gladys Boone	Mississippi
Ruth Badgley	New York
Eleanor Gordon	Kentucky
Marguerite Jurey	Kentucky
Daisy Matzner	Mississippi
Margaret Maury	Tennessee
Louise Nance	Tennessee
Gertrude Newman	Tennessee
Marguerite Quick	Texas
Margaret Robertson	Texas

Sorores in Urbe

Edna Kone Lewis
Virginia Warterfield
Mary Avent
Bettie B. Baxter Poage
Loretta Taylor Pilcher
Anna Hunter Kirkpatrick



Phi Mu Sorority

(Founded in 1852, at Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.)

COLORS
Old Rose and White

OPEN MOTTO
"Les sœurs fidèles"

FLOWER
Enchantress Carnation

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	Wesleyan College, Macon, Ga.
BETA	Hollins Institute, Hollins, Va.
GAMMA	Salem College, Winston-Salem, N. C.
DELTA	Sophia Newcomb College, New Orleans, La.
EPSILON DELTA	St. Mary's College, Raleigh, N. C.
ZETA	Chevy Chase School, Chevy Chase, Md.
ETA	Hardin College, Mexico, Mo.
THETA	Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
KAPPA	University of Tennessee, Knoxville, Tenn.
ZI KAPPA	Southwestern University, Georgetown, Texas

Theta Chapter

Lilah Bishop	Kentucky
Ruth Capers	Louisiana
Jeannette Chapman	Alabama
Virginia Craig	Indiana
Elizabeth Grinter	Kentucky
Helen McCabe	Indiana
Marie Myers	Indiana
Edna Neely	Ohio
Aileen Peoples	Tennessee
Eleanor Ristine	Indiana
Ida Mallory	Florida
Lillie James Walling	Tennessee
Bessie Smith	Tennessee

Sorores in Urbe

Mrs. Edward Cook

Miss Ellen Meeks

Mrs. Miles P. O'Connor



Sigma Iota Chi Sorority

(Founded December, 1903, Alexandria, La.)

COLORS
Purple and Gold

FLOWER
Violet

Chapter Roll

ALPHA	Alexandria, La.
BETA	Winchester, Tenn.
GAMMA	Ward's Seminary, Nashville, Tenn.
DELTA	Cincinnati Conservatory of Music, Cincinnati, O.
EPSILON	Reichester, Md.
ZETA	Belmont College, Nashville, Tenn.
ETA	National Cathedral, Washington, D. C.
THETA	Lindenwood Seminary, St. Charles, Mo.
IOTA	Virginia College, Roanoke, Va.
KAPPA	Campbell Haggerman, Lexington, Va.
LAMBDA	Gunston Hall, Washington, D. C.
MU	Crescent College, Eureka Springs, Ark.

Alumnae Chapter

ALPHA GAMMA	Nashville, Tenn.
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Zeta Chapter 1909-1910

Ruth Atterbury	Mississippi	Florence Hollingsworth	Indiana
Pauline Atterbury	Mississippi	Kathleen Jameson	Texas
Louise Buckingham (pledged)	Tennessee	Charlotte Love	Mississippi
Margaret Caldwell	Alabama	Florence Lee	West Virginia
Hazel Davis (pledged)	Tennessee	Ella Mallory	Tennessee
Katherine Foote	Mississippi	Mary Sue Nance	Tennessee
Inez Gill	Mississippi	Emanie Nahm	Kentucky
Mary Harding	Mississippi	Donna Blair Roseborough	Tennessee
Eugenie Henry	Illinois	Bessie Stovall	Mississippi
Lucile Hull	Pennsylvania	Ruth Trice	Florida



If Poe Had Been a Belmont Maiden

(With apologies to Poe)

I

Up into my room I hurried, for my mind was greatly worried
Over all of the bids I'd just received, until my hair I tore!
While I stood there almost crying, instantly Dot came a-sighing—
And two more came quickly flying, flying through the open door.
You'll go Phi Mu, sure, they muttered, crying through the open door,
Us you'll join and nothing more!

II

Ah! how well do I remember, it was in the bright September,
When each frat had been vying all the others, giving feasts galore.
Hastily I viewed the morrow—vainly might I seek to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow never known before—
For the loss of such dear friends, which was never felt before,
Friends I'd lose forevermore!

III

Now the candy boxes piled up high, and all the lovely flowers nigh
Thrilled me, filled me, with some unknown gladness, new to me
before
Warned my common sense: "No piking—'tis not really you they're
spiking.
But your brother they are liking—Vandy's cutest Commodore.
Your dear brother they are liking—Vandy's cutest Commodore,
This it is and nothing more!"

IV

Instantly my soul grew stronger, hesitating then no longer:
"Girls," I said, with head uplifted, "all your kindness I deplore, "
But the truth is, I've been thinking 'till your rushes I am linking—"
Here my voice was fainter sinking, sinking, for my heart grew sore—
"Tis—I think you like my brother." Here I eased my heart sore.
"Him you like and nothing more!"

V

Back into my chamber turning, with my cheeks all red and burning,
For the girls had fled so quickly from outside that chamber door,
Truly, tho' I, truly, friends not many will I soon call my own—
So, when next there came a knock, I was gladder than ever before.
Such a firm and friendly sound—I was gladder than ever before—
When in stepped several more.

VI

Next the Signas tried beguiling my sad fancy into smiling—
Told me only friendly feelings in their hearts for me they bore.
"If you join no frat you're laden with the burdens of a maiden,
Sad of mien and gloomy maiden, wandering lone the campus o'er;
Come, do join the Signas; hand in hand, we'll roam this whole
school o'er."
Quoth I to them: "Nevermore."

VII

Then one maiden, sitting lonely on the window seat, spoke only
The word "Tau," as if her heart in that one word she did outpour.
Nothing further then she uttered, not an eyelash even fluttered,
'Till I scarcely more than muttered, "Other girls have gone before;
On the morrow you will leave me, as all friends have gone before."
Quoth Tau Phi: "Nevermore!"

VIII

Once again I viewed the morrow, darkened by some unseen horror,
Fearing much that none would care, not even those who vowed to
adore.
"Wretch," I thought, "these girls have meant thee, by the tokens
they have sent thee.
Friendship—friendship and kindness only from you they implore—
Take, oh, take this kindest friendship—do as they implore—
What mean you by 'Nevermore!'"

IX

So I said, "dear Thetas, shall I, please say, shall I join the Betas?
For an awful fear does seize me, down into my heart's deep core,
That that day will soon be dawning when my luck shall all be turning,
In this school, by frats not wanted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—is there good in Beta Sig? Tell me, tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Thetas: "Nevermore!"

X

"Be these words our last in parting, girls or fiends, I shrieked up-
starting:
Get thee back unto the campus, with thy frat's mysterious lore,
Leave no frat pin as a token of the words thy lips have spoken—
Leave my loneliness unbroken, haste thy steps from out my door—
Take my love from out thy heart, and thy form from out my door—"
Quoth the girls: "For-ever-more!"

XI

So this maiden, eyes tear-glist'ning, sits there list'ning, sits there
list'ning.
To the joyous sounds of noise and feast outside her chamber door,
And her eyes have all the sadness of a person's that's past gladness,
And the arc-light o'er her streaming throws her shadow on the floor,
And her soul from out that shadow
Shall be lifted: "Nevermore!"

—J. EVANS.







SATURDAY NIGHT



FIFTH AVENUE MARATHON

Guide for New Students

On entering Belmont, matriculate, then procure from the main office a copy of "Rules for Gentlemen Friends at Thanksgiving Receptions." Classification, assignment of rooms and such trivialities can wait. These following rules are official, and should be sent immediately to any "gentleman friend" who might possibly care to be "among those present" on Thanksgiving evening.

I. Any young man is qualified to come who has won enough on the afternoon's game to be preceded by "American Beauty Roses" or "Lillies of the Valley," no other flowers being considered proper. He shall also promise on his word as a gentleman to return the favor of this invitation by an early call.

II. On arriving, everyone must stroll around until each gentleman finds the lady of his choice, then comes the grand rush for the one settee in the front parlor. The best man wins. (The medal is

usually presented by the President, with a few touching remarks, at the end of the entertainment.)

III. Keep a watchful eye on the frappe bowl. If it should give out before you get there, you lose—that's all. No prize is given in this contest.

IV. Gentlemen are asked not to consult their own time-pieces, as Belmont time on reception evenings is always thirty minutes fast.

V. It is considered *un-Belmontesque* and very bad form for a gentleman to even *look* at any girl except the one who invited him. Furthermore, it is strictly out of place and unconventional for a young lady to converse with more than ten gentlemen at the same time.

VI. In order to secure a good hat and coat, it is best to leave early.

VII. Lastly, prolong the "Good-nights" as much as possible to show your appreciation. Then tiptoe quietly out, lest you awaken the *cat* and the *night watchman*.



The Doctor's Fond Good-Night

Thanksgiving Reception



TUESDAY'S EPIDEMIC

A Meeting of "The Dreamers"

I slept and dreamed that I was "It;"
I woke to find that I was "Nit!"

Organized sometime, somewhere around here, is the Ancient and Secret Order of "Tellers of Dreams." This order meets any morning at any time, anywhere they can, and the meeting begins when a quorum of two is present.

The leader this morning is Great and Grand Mogul *Erna Pierron*. "Dear girlies," she starts off, "my dream of last night was not all that it might have been. I dreamed that I was appointed President, Principal, Chaplain, Faculty and Telephone Operator of Belmont College. It was such a disappointment to awaken and find myself only *President* of the *Cotillion Club*," and with a sigh of despair, the leader resigned the floor to *Jessie Clifford*. "And I dreamed the swellest dream I ever had," she said. "I thought that fifty of my spring dresses were Parisian made, and that I had a special maid to 'learn' me how to manage my trains!" "O, lovely," all chorused enthusiastically.

By a curious coincidence, *Lillian Eoff* and *Aimee Salmon* had the same story to tell, but on account of the weakness of Lillian's voice, Aimee acted as spokesman: "We dreamed that our 'suitors' sent us ten pounds of candy, which Miss Buchanan generously gave us, and we were so happy that we got to chapel on time, and *told it before breakfast*."

After this, *Mary Baker* arose tearfully. "Hie, kids, my dream sure had me sitting deep on the anxious seat. I was at a ball, where *no false hair* was worn, and they told me it was the latest style! Imagine my horror, for you know I *aint ever* to be seen without my half dozen braids and curls."

Then Walking Delegate, Daisy Matzner, said she dreamed

she committed suicide because she was "*campused*" one Monday afternoon and couldn't go to Skalowksi's.

Helen McCabe was the next speaker: "Say, girls," she began in an awe-stricken voice, "I dreamed that in taking the 'frat average,' Lo the Phi Mu's name lead all the rest!"

Ernestine Elder then took the floor and shouted aloud her dream "That the Nuns had a midnight feast and *didn't get caught*."

When the loud and enthusiastic applause was somewhat quieted, *Ruth Trice* appeared upon the scene. "Woe is me," she began, "my life is all a wreck. I dreamed that I came back to Belmont next year, and Prof. Hesselberg and I ran against each other for President of the Y. W. C. A., and, oh, girls (here she was interrupted by an overflow of tears) *he won the race!*"

A loud pattering of feet down the hall indicated a new-comer, and in a minute *Juanita Evans* rushed breathlessly into the room. Panting loudly, she told her dream: "I dreamed that the *Annual* came out on the second day of May and that we made *five hundred dollars!*" Then she fell exhausted on a nearby bench where sympathetic friends proceeded to fan her back to life.

Just at this minute, Grand Master Frances Buchanan entered and tapped the library bell, which authority she borrowed from Mamie Wilson, B. A., D. D., M. A., P. H. D.

NOTE.—An interesting talk was to have been made by Donna Blair Roseborough, but it just *happened* that she was late that morning, so the meeting adjourned.





MISS GOLAY (in Junior Lit.): "Esther, give some of Samuel Johnson's characteristics."

ESTHER B.: "Well—a, you know he was illiterate."

MISS G.: "Oh, no, no, he wasn't."

ESTHER B. (getting pink with indignation): "Yes he was, too; he didn't have good table manners."

MISS FRYINGER: "Juanita, if sugar is heated ten or fifteen minutes what does it become?"

JUANITA H. (rather bewildered): "Ah-h, ah-h—oh, yes, I know—hot."

FLORENCE K. (overhearing Lit. girls talking about David Copperfield): "Oh, yes, um-hum, Mama saw him last week playing in Cupid and the Dollar."

"O, Mrs. Lester! run here quick; my poor old roommate is awful sick."

"Fever, my girl; a pill each hour; excused from chapel; eat nothing sour."

While waiting for her breakfast, Miss Buchanan began to sing, but soon she stopped to listen—she heard her napkin ring.

Where are you going, my Belmont maid?
I'm going to town, please ma'am, she said.

But you can't go, my pretty maid,
Until your excess laundry's paid.

A Belmont Campaign

So all day long the noise of battle rolled
Among the Physigaman Mountains,
And noble fighters fell. The troops moved down,
And desperate, 'gan to tear and force their way
Through tangled groves and forests, in the Wilderness
of Mathics.

"On! on!" they cried, and straightway pushed ahead
By Latinibus swamps and past Chemistrion rivers.
Then came the Litterranian plains,
And long they wandered through them,
Wearied, faint and worn, but hopeful still.
Now, radiant in the distance glowed before them
The fair and wondrous city of their dreams!
They hurried forward with triumphant tread
And took by storm, the city Diplomopolis.

A Feline Symphony

Miss Simpson sat, with feet upon her stool, and sternly eyed the chapel.

"Quiet, please," she said in gravest tones, and over all there fell a sudden hush—

Girls hardly moved, and when a page was turned, it was with breathless care.

The clock ticked on, and still the room was quiet, very quiet.
Then through the chapel door, with sneaking tread, a small grey cat stole in,

And with the friendliest aims rubbed 'gainst the chapel desk, and purred, and begged to be caressed.

Then poor Miss Simpson saw him. With one scream
She quickly tucked her feet beneath her skirts and cried, "Oh scat! go away, you awful, horrid cat!"

The poor cat fled, and in dismay took refuge in the organ,
And for many days no sounds were heard, save spits and mews,
From that great instrument.

Now, when the keys are pressed, a dismal moan, a wailing cry comes forth,

For 'tis the poor cat's spirit still imprisoned in the organ pipes.

MISS MAXWELL (to new student): "What books have you read?"

ANNAH MC.: "I don't remember all, but I have read, 'Silas Marner's Ancient Mariner'."

MISS MAXWELL (to aspiring Senior): "What plays of Shakespeare have you read and studied?"

SENIOR: "Tempest and Sunshine is the only one I remember now."

Talking of the comet, one girl was heard to ask this question: "When does the thing go off, any way?"

TEACHER (at dinner): "Hazel, you mustn't fidget so much."

HAZEL: "I can't help it; I am a fidgetarian."

JANE: "What is the Ear Training Class for?"

MARY: "Why?"

JANE: "They have me in that class and I am sure I am not lop-eared."

"What would Miss Wendell do if she saw you reading that trashy novel?"

"Guess she'd have a literary fit."

HELEN KRELL (the shining light in C. P. History): "Eudora, have you read about Cannibal crossing the Alps yet?"

MOSSIE: "What subject are you going to write on to-morrow?"

FRANCES S.: "O, I don't know; I think I will write on the Boyhood of George Eliot."

JUANITA: "I hear that Chanticleer hats are going to be all the rage this season."

CARRIE LEE: "Oh, no; that is a mistake; all of the hats are to have *roosters* on them!"

MISS MAXWELL: "Who were the parents of the Greek goddess Aphrodite?"

BRIGHT PUPIL: "Her mother was a very wealthy princess and her father was a wood-nymph."

Miss Maxwell recited a most touching little poem to her Nineteenth Century Literature Class, which is understood to be one of Shakespeare's unpublished sonnets:

There was a young man of Quebec,
Who fell in the snow to his neck.
When asked was he friz,
He replied, "Yes, I is,
But this is not cold for Quebec?"

STUDENT (translating from Virgil boxing match): "And whoever wishes to contend with bare skin."

MISS GOLAY: "Yes, but where do you get that last?"

STUDENT: "Why, it says right here in the notes 'with raw hide.'"

Season at Assembly Theater

Fluffy Ruffles	Esther Baskette
The Land of Nod	Lecture hour in Chapel
Babes in Toyland	Chemistry Lab.
Paid in Full	On receiving reports
The Lion and the Mouse	Dr. Landrith and Seniors
Dollar Princess	L. Eoff
Prince of To-night	Ella Mallory
The Beauty Spot	Mary Head
The Flirting Princess	Lucile Hull
The Old Homestead	Fannie Lou Bragg
The Cow Girl	Katherine Ruble
The Girl of the Golden West	Alice Kleberg
The Mid-night Sons	The Nuns
The Inferior Sex	Red-neck-tie dudes
Such a Little Queen	Marguerite Jurey
The Belle of Brittany	Queenie Neeley
Follies of 1910	Seniors
The Fair Co-Ed	Melvin Hesselberg
Nearly a Hero	Ella Whitnel
The Climax	The Feast
The Intruder	Edith Chabot
A Man's World	Belmont
The Builder of Bridges	Ruth Trice
(Twenty-) Seven Days	Girls Campused

Her caller said, with a pleasant smile,
 (We really have callers here once in a while),
 "These girls are really peaches rare;
 Are all your Belmont 'Femmes' so fair?
 And well I know they all could vie
 With any gorgeous butterfly."
 Now this remark was enough to perplex.
 This envious one of the fairer sex,
 And jealous of her sisters' praise,
 This sharp retort did quickly raise,
 "Only when dressed they're butterflies;
 They're caterpillars when they rise."

—D. M.

The Belmont Girl

You may speak of your 'varsity maiden
 As a creature most divine,
 And laud your home sweetheart
 As some one superfine;
 You praise your society damsel,
 With raven or golden curl,
 But the dearest maid after all is said,
 Is just a Belmont girl.

The wise graduate forgets her books, but not
 what she got out of them.

After profound mathematical calculation and
 astrological observation (Miss Cook assisting),
 Miss Blalock has come to the conclusion that the
 best age for marriage is between fifteen and ninety.

Mary came rushing into the infirmary and said:
 "Mrs. Lester, Miss Frisenger has a dreadful head-
 ache and said please send her fifteen drops of *pneu-*
monia right away."

MISS GOLAY: "Now, where did we leave Aeneas
 yesterday?"

BRIGHT STUDENT: "In the middle of line 305."

LOUISE (in Lab.): "Pour some water in that
 nitric acid, Annie Laurie."

ANNIE LAURIE: "Oh, no! The book says use a
consecrated solution of it."

The Red Head Fire Brigade

OFFICERS:

BUTLER Captain
GOLAY Superintendent

FIREMEN:

Grace Booher	Anna Steele
Irene Banta	Fleda Gray
Nettie Lindsey	Mattie Mae Blakemore
Nell Cunningham	Eva Blakeney
Nea Portwood	Vera Warren
Idalee Carlisle.	

Special to the Tennessean.

Last evening a terrific fire broke out at Belmont College, which threatened to destroy the whole building. After an heroic attempt to conquer the flames the local firemen retired in despair. Soon, however, a band of girls appeared. It was the Red Head Fire Brigade which had been organized for the protection of the college. These firemen, led by their valiant Captain and Superintendent, approached the burning building, and as they drew near the flames died away into insignificance by the glare from the heads of the brigade.

Whan that sad beele, with hise summons stronge,
Has rung 'till it can ring no longer,
Whan shivers eek, run down your spine,
And hist'ry know yow not a line,
Look wise, be confident of treade,
And with the best hold up your heade,
Speak pleasantly of trifles, how the sonne
So bright and happy in hise course y-ronne,
About the swete breeth of flours,
And, but for some mysaventure,
Yow can side-track the lessions
And save yowself, at leaste for the nones.

The Daisy Prophet

"He loves me not," the daisy said,
The daisy with the heart of gold.
How do you know, false floweret,
That my true lover's heart is cold?

Think not, small blossom, that my hopes
Are blighted by your words untrue.
I've only scorn, and deepest scorn,
For those who put their trust in you.

But stay! what's this that still clings here?
A petal, small, and pure, and white.
"He loves me," that's what you would say?
Ah, daisy dear, you're always right.

Gee whiz! What's your biz?
Can't you crack a joke or two?
If you can here's some to do:

Write a joke about the time
Miss Simpson called us out of line;
About the time she kept us in,
And gave a lecture 'titled "grin;"
Write about the latest style
"Hats turn up!" 'tis such a trial;
Then when you get through with these,
Write some more, dear, if you please.

P. S.—Don't forget to tell of "Bell,"
For that one word will volumes tell.

Only a Dream

I thought I heard Miss Simpson say:
"Girls, there'll be no school to-day."

And Miss Hood added, soft and low:
"To-night we'll go to see the show."

And my dear girls, I must protest
Against your sad forgetfulness,

For surely you have not such hard hearts
As to cease to go to Luigart's."

Miss Buchanan, not to be outdone,
Said: "Uniforms must not be worn

Unless the hats you downward bend,
And wear Dutch collars and fancy hat-pins."

Then Miss Heron rose. Said she:
"The girls are getting thin, I see.

Mr. Latch, I really must say,
Give them ice cream three times a day."

At last Dr. Lamar looked round in glee
And said, quite clear and loud: "My me!"

I gave a start, I rubbed my eyes,
I gazed around me in surprise.

Alas, things are not what they seem!—
I woke to find it all a dream.

Suggestions

That Ella Mallory be restricted to three crushes
a week.

That Ruth Trice be given all the offices at
Belmont at one time, and have it over with.

That callers, especially young men, be escorted,
at least when they have engagements, from the
car to the South front door, and not be allowed

to wander distractedly about hunting the entrance.

That Miss Schnabaum and Miss White be added
together and divided by two.

That Miss Blalock tell us the faults of the past
generation for a change.

That Charlotte Love try "Looking Forward"
awhile.

Favorite Sayings—Can You Place Them?

"Now isn't that delightful."

"Remember I've been teaching since long before
you were born."

"Goodnight girls, goodnight girls."

"Will you please find that in the book and show
it to me? Do you get the idea?"

"Just like Heinz pickles, 57 kinds. 23 kinds
of ablatives, my dear child."

"Just one more announcement please."

"Will you please send Miss——to Brovessor
Hesselberg."

"Our next lesson will be a test."

Excess Laundry

Enter Miss Hood with stately tread,
And girls look up with anxious dread.
This well known question then they hear,
"You've paid your excess laundry, dear?"
And then in agony they rise
And lift to her beseeching eyes,
For how they hate disgraced to flee
And bring to her on bended knee
Their payments, as she murmurs low,
"The change must be exact, you know."
Will ever peace be here once more?
When will our debts ne'er vex us sore?
Will e'er we have the money near
To buy us Mitchell's candy, dear?

When the wintry winds do blow
And the thermometer is low,
Then, simply for a lark,
Take a stroll out on the park
And you'll think it's growing colder
Ere you're a minute older,
If your eyes will only stray
On the statues by the way.

There was a young lady named Newman.
Her beauty was quite superhuman.
When one look she'd cast
At the youths who would pass,
Her glance would simply undo them.

There was a young lady named Mays,
And she had quite fetching ways.
Her bewitching smile
Will be quite a trial
To me the rest of my days.

One little boy,
One little note,
One little joy
On which to dote!

One teacher near
All this does spy,
And soon, I fear,
The girl will cry.

There was a young lady named Reece
Who would try to keep in peace
The library where
The mere scrape of a chair
Would make the laughter increase.

There was a young lady called "Beck."
Her friends she never would peck,
Unless, by the way,
Her temper would stray—
She'd drag thee 'round by the neck.

Said the dignified lieutenant,
"I know my lips will parch
Ere I can make the rats and puffs
Obey the 'Forward, march!'"

Have you ever, gentle reader,
After a night of boring study,
Had the bell ring out for breakfast
Just ten minutes ere you're ready?
Though your toilet has been hasty,
So even more you now must rush—
You decide to wear your gym suit,
And your teeth you fail to brush,
But you get too late for roll-call,
And, peeved at being crossed,
Look daggers at the monitor: "Well,
Again Love's Labor's Lost."



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Lily Belle Anderson
Mattie Fae Arnold
Artemesia Ashbrook
Pauline Atterbury
Clara Baird
Esther Baskette
Hazel Benson
Rosa Lou Bell
Clara Beeland
Erin Blackshear
Eva Blakeney
Mary Elise Bolton
Irene Booker
Elizabeth Brown
Anna Deal Bramwell
Daisy Brooks
Louise Buckingham
Elma Burns
Roxie Cagle
Idalee Carlisle
Jeannette Chapman
Lucile Chabot
Jessie Clifford
Kathleen Conner
Mary Franc Coile
Kittie Cowden
Frances Cox
Elizabeth Dameron
Laura Davis
Edwina Dickson
Roberta Dublin
Eva D. Eatman
Lillian Enff
Juanita Evans
Susie Belle Fristoe
Myrtle Gilliland
Mary J. Goodloe
Elizabeth Grinter
Louise Hamilton
Mary Harding
Juanita Harris
Christelle Hemphill
Corra Henderson
Mattie Hinton
Lona Howard
Norma Isaacs
Julia Jastremski
Carrie Kernachan

Rena Belle Anderson
Louise Armstrong
Ruth Atterbury
Esther Avert
Beckwith Baird
Elizabeth Barnwell
Fannie Bennis
Mary Bell
Edith Beggs
Louise Blackstone
Mattie May Blakemore
Gladys Boone
Lucy Wayne Bridges
Sallie Key Brown
Fannie Lou Bragg
Mary Buchanan
May Burns
Lida Canon
Ruth Capers
Margaret Caldwell
Edith Chabot
Gladys Clarke
Ruth Conner
May Belle Coleman
Stella Collins
Ruby Cox
Lucile Crow
Lillie Dalton
Mary L. Deboe
Catherine Doty
Edna Eatman
Helen Louise Eaves
Elsie Epperson
Rufus Foster
Caroline Frater
Alma Gordon
Elmeda Gray
Ellie Hall
Christine Hamilton
Marie Harlow
Mary Head
Elsie Joe Henderson
Ruth Hervey
Callie May Horn
Annie Carroll Hoffman
Reece Ingram
Ellen Kernachan



Mary Louise Knight
Arlene Kirk
Ruth Johnson
Annis Jones
Lucile Jones
Ruby Mai Leach
Mary O. Littell
Mary Lou Long
Sybil Lowenberg
Virginia Maddox
Ida Mallory
Helen Marx
Ruth McEuen
Anna McKean
Daisy Matzner
Laura Mays
Elliott Meador
Ada Miller
Lucile Morgan
Kathleen Moorman
Anne Moseley
Louise Nance
Marie Newman
Martha Hall Newman
Aileen Peoples
Miriam Reddoch
Mary Dale Robertson
Blanche Robinson
Kathleen Rush
Mary Rucker
Louise Savage
Hazel Scales
Louise Sieber
Mary Shadow
Evelyn Shaner
Hassie Smith
Bessie Stovall
Frances Swann
Pauline Thornton
Lila May Tolley
Mary Gertrude Walker
Lillie James Walling
Ethel Warnock
Agnes Weber
Marion Whittington
Sarah Frances White
Ida Fae Wooldridge
Blanche Knight

Lois Knight
Melba Knox
Sloan Johnson
Zetta Jones
Marguerite Jurey
Virginia Lea
Dolores Lockwood
Charlotte Love
Mossie Lucas
Maude Malone
Ella Mallory
Pauline McCain
Ethel McEntire
Birdie Mae Matthews
Margaret Maury
Rachel Major
Eva Milton
Ione Montogmery
Sarah Morris
Jeannette Moorman
Mabel Murphy
Mary Sue Nance
Gertrude Newman
Ethel Nichols
Alma Rankin
Carrie Rives
Margaret Robertson
Donna Blair Roseborough
Kathleen Rush
Aimee Salmon
Genediel Schnabaum
Julia Spencer
Dolce Simpson
Byrd Shankle
Carrie Lee Sherrord
Felicia Streit
Lucile Stoner
Helen Taylor
Ruth Trice
Hazel Tynes
Maude Wagley
Ruby May Warnock
Nelwyn Williams
Margaret Whittington
Mary Alice Whitsom
Noi Wooldard
Louise Wyatt

Westerners

Officers

EUDORA MAJOR	President
EPSIE BRANDT	Vice-President
HENRIETTA KLEBERG	Secretary
LOUISE WYATT	Treasurer

Members

Lila Belle Acheson	Lucile Crow	Bessie Marshall
Mattie Fae Arnold	Lillie Dalton	Elliott Meador
Beckwith Baird	Edwina Dickson	Edith Miller
Clara Baird	Roberta Dublin	Anne Moseley
Hazel Baker	Inez Eklund	Mabel Murphy
Mary Baker	Lillian Eoff	Ruth Phillips
Esther Baskette	Susie Belle Fristoe	Nea Portwood
Jamie Bateman	Carolyn Giddings	Marguerite Quick
Brita Bent	Pearl M. Hafner	Carrie Rives
Eva Blakeney	Louise Hamilton	Margaret Robertson
Gracia Booher	Pearl Heisey	Sadie Ross
Epsie Berry Brandt	Ida M. Hood	Clara Schilling
Louise Brock	Mabel Inglis	Genendel Schnabaum
Catherine Brown	Norma Isaacs	Alpha Sledge
Elizabeth Brown	Bertha Jamieson	Pauline Thornton
Mary Jordan Buchanan	Julia Jastremski	Maude Wagley
Roxie Cage	Sloan Johnson	Vera Warren
Cleo Carpenter	Annis Jones	Nelwyn Williams
Lucile Chabot	Zetta E. Jones	Hazel Wilson
Jessie Clifford	Alice King Kleberg	Gladys Woodson
Marguerite Colcord	Henrietta Kleberg	Fae Wooldridge
Ollie Connell	Melita Knox	Effie Wootten
Kathleen Conner	Mary Littell	Victoria Wootten
Ruth Conner	Sybil Lowenberg	Louise Wyatt
Kittie Cowden	Eudora Major	Mattie Zufall





LEFTOVER CLUB

MOTTO
"Us four and no more."

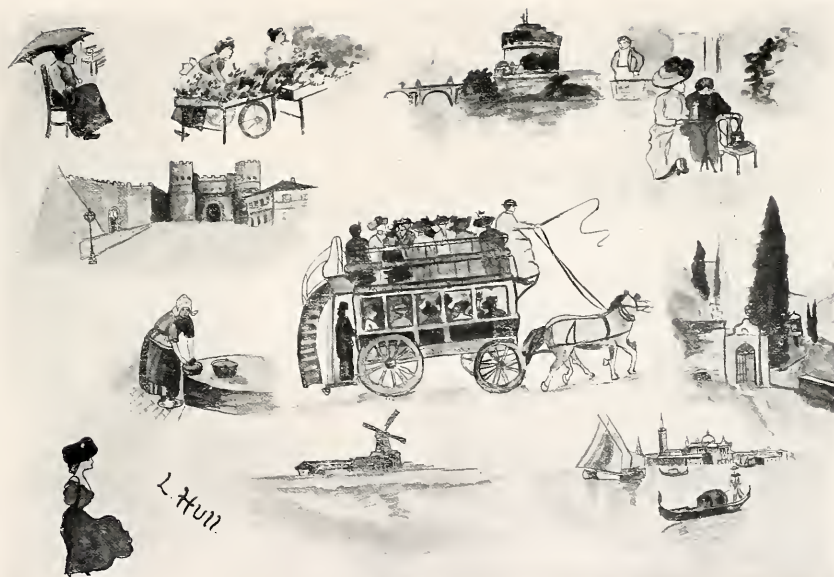
FLOWER
Four O'clock

MISS REBECCA LITTLEPAGE President
West Virginia

MISS FLORENCE LEE Vice-President
West Virginia

MISS CHARLIE LITTLEPAGE Secretary
West Virginia

MISS QUEENIE NEELEY Treasurer
New Zealand



Tourist's Club



X Y Z Club

Officers

INEZ GILL, $\Sigma I X$	H. L. D.
ARTEMESIA ASHBROOK, $T O \Sigma$	V. H. L. D.
LOUISE SAVAGE, $\theta K A$	H. M. M.
MARIE NEWMAN, $B \Sigma O$	H. L. I.
MARIE MYERS, ϕM	H. I. T.

Ordinary Mortals

Gladys Boone, $T \phi \Sigma$	Daisy Matzner, $T \phi \Sigma$
Ruth Atterbury, $\Sigma I X$	Inez Gill, $\Sigma I X$
Jamie Bateman, $\theta K A$	Ernestine Elder, $\theta K A$
Marie Newman, $B \Sigma O$	Mary Buchanan, $B \Sigma O$
Jessie Clifford, $B \Sigma O$	Elizabeth Grinter, ϕM
Marguerite Colcord, $B \Sigma O$	Marie Myers, ϕM
Eleanor Ristine, ϕM	May Harding, $\Sigma I X$



The Summer Girls

EMBLEM—Parasol.

Aimee Salmon
Queenie Neeley

Esther Easkette

Reece Ingram
Eudora Major



COLOR
Neck-tie Red

Sunday Pikers

FLOWER
Bachelor buttons

MOTTO: "Men may come and men may go,
But I go on forever."

MISS BUCHANAN Director

"BILLY" BENT Man Seeker
"BROOKS" ASHBROOK Man Hater
"BUCKIE" LITTLEPAGE Heated Atmosphere Dispenser
"LITTLE" JUREY Custodian of Men
"CLASSY" LITTLEPAGE Section Boss

"PHI" NANCE Keeper of Shelves
"TUBBY" CLIFFORD Designer of Costumes
"LENA RIVERS" NEWMAN Star
"BONITA" NEWMAN Understudy
"DATEY" MATZNER Walking Delegate



(Founded at Belmont, 1905)

D. C. C. Club

MOTTO

Have a good time, but don't get caught

M. I. L. O. M. 'S

Juanita Evans

Ernestine Elder

C. N. N. I. M. 'S

Fannie Bennie

Jamie Bateman

Sallie Key Brown

Louise Savage

Ella Whitnel



Cotillion Club

Officers

ERNA H. PIERRON	President
IONE MONTGOMERY	Vice-President
FRANCES COX	Secretary
ERNESTINE ELDER	Treasurer

Members

Ernestine Elder	Mossie Lucas
Charles Littlepage	Annis Jones
Inez Eklund	Frances Cox
Ione Montgomery	Rebecca Littlepage
Helen Marie Walker	Louise Savage
Charlotte Love	Erna H. Pierron

"That Feast!"

The Nuns, one night, when all was still,
Crept down the steps to eat their fill.
These Nuns were girls, who, sad to say,
Caused throughout school such great dismay.

The members of this dusky crowd
Were "Seniors," some, and "Self Regs" proud,
And others who had not attained
To such great heights among them named.

This feast, which *well* we might it *call*,
Was taking place in Founders' Hall,
Down on first floor, the south end side,
Where Ann and Julia *did* reside.

A password to this room would be
To touch the lips and whisper sh—she.
And those who did come into it
Must do naught else but eat and sit.

Each robe was of a sombre hue,
And all looked just alike to you.
Their masks were made of one big flap,
Which could be dropped should some one rap.

Just in the midst, when they'd begun
To eat and drink and have great fun,
Two nuns went out to get the cream,
And then was heard a piercing scream.

Now those poor nuns (who used to be)
Are in a state of misere-e-e.
Not one can leave the college ground
Until a *month* has rolled around.

"Miss Webb," it seems, had caught the one
Who had the freezer—"woeful nun."
The cream she took with *cruel hands*,
And then commenced to make demands.

Of who she was and what was wrong?
In awful tones and accents strong.
The nun was scared "most nigh to death,"
And could not hardly get her breath.

But even scared though she might be
Her answer was a whispered sh—she.
Miss Simpson then came up and said
She'd find out where that feast was had.

Alas! She *did* as sure as fate,
And walked into the room right straight.
You know, I guess, how 'twas she found
The girls all seated there around.

Oh, well, to make the story short,
They all were caught with no effort—(?)
And all the names were taken down
When she had lectured them quite sound.

—LUCILE JONES.



Nuns' (?) Club

Composed of those students who are unable to sleep at nights, grow hungry and restless, and desire to parade, incognito, through the corridors.

OBJECT: To satisfy their appetites at the risk of being "campused"—to enjoy life "in spite of Belmont."

PLACE OF MEETING Where there is something doing.

MOTTO: Eat, drink, and be merry, for you may talk yourself to death to-morrow.

ERNA PIERRON Mother Superior

Sisters of Charity

Truthful Eklund
Loyal Tolley
Hopeful Swann
Constance Sherrod
Working Walker
Reward Cox

Sisters of Providence

Graceful Elder
Reverence Whitnel
Saint Florence Lee
Glory Lee
Pity Hollingsworth
Cheerful Myers

Sisters of Mercy

Reward Newman
Charity Eoff
Piety Salmon
Love Baker
Turbulent Brandt
Old Faithful Littlepage

Sisters of Grace

Pensive Henderson
Helping Caldwell
Peaceful Littlepage
Prissy Trice
Meek Major



Party No. I

Florence Hollingsworth
Inez Eklund
Annis Jones
Zetta Jones
Florence Lee
Lila Tolley
Catherine Yates

Party No. II

Erna Pierron
Nellie Finnegan
Daisy Matzner
Alison Bacon
Ethel Argue
Mossie Lucas
Mary Lou McLarty

Party No. III

Edna Neely
Helen McCabe
Eleanor Rustine
Marie Myers
Elizabeth Grinter
Virginia Craig
Laura Mays

Party No. IV

Birdie Mae Matthews
Louise Savage
Fannie Bennie
Mary Baker
Juanita Evans
Ernestine Elder
Ella Whitnel

Party No. V

Louise Blackstone
Rena Belle Anderson
Epsie Brandt
Pearl Kahn
Vera Warren
Grace McMain
Eudora Major

Party No. VI

Carolyn Giddins
Louise Hamilton
Margaret Robertson
Lona Howard
Helen Hughes
Laura Davis
Louise Wyatt

Party No. VII

Amee Salmon
Lillian Eoff
Blanche Robertson
Ida Hood
Ada Miller
Hattie McGee
Bessie Miller

Party No. VIII

Ruth Atterbury
Kathleen Jameson
May Harding
Bessie Stovall
Lucile Hull
Pauline Atterbury
Inez Gill

Party No. IX

Alice Kleberg
Julia Spencer
Gladys Woodson
Hazel Wilson
Henrietta Kleberg
Delia Burns
Miss Merson

Party No. X

Louise Buckingham
Hazel Davis
Helen Krell
Ella Mallory
Donna Blair
Roseborough
Esther Arent
Eugenie Henry

Party No. XI

Ruth Conner
Kathleen Conner
Blanche Rutter
Christine Hamilton
Norma Isaacs
Lucile Chabot
Edith Chabot

Party No. XII

Martha Hall Newman
Nora Trousdale
Julia Dodge
Mary Dale Robertson
Dolores Lockwood
Irene Banta



FLORENCE HOLLINGSWORTH President
INEZ EKLUND Vice-President
ANNIS JONES Secretary

ALICE KLEBERG Treasurer

DR. IKA D. LANDRITH, Honorary Member.

Riding Club

BIRDIE MAE MATTHEWS
ERNA PIERRON
EDNA NEELY

Special Committee

YELL

A crowd of jolly riders we,
Out for a peck of fun.
Horses prancing, full of glee.
We're ready for the run.

FLOWER
Red Carnation

COLORS
Chocolate and White

A black and white illustration of a busy street scene. A trolley labeled "BELMONT" is moving from right to left. Several people are running alongside it, some carrying bags. In the background, there is a building with a sign that reads "CLOUTIER'S" and a storefront with a sign that reads "HATS".

Executives

LOUISE PARKES	Presiding Genius	FRANCES HILL	Amanuensis
LUCILE NEW		Disburser	

Strap Hangers

Mae Belle Abrams	Regina Lightman
Annie Laurie Baird	Marion Leftwich
Florine Bell	Elizabeth McClure
Beatrice Cockle	Mildred Morris
Marjorie Conner	Mary Nelson
Alberta Cooper	Annie Paulk
Mary Louise Crawford	Catherine Pilcher
Jane Douglas Crawford	Gaynelle Robinson
Rowena Dibrell	Mildred Sidebottom
Pauline Fisher	Malinda Timmons
Lillian Freeman	Anita Williams
Josephine Fry	
Aileen Haley	
Cecile Janin	
Fairfax Janin	
Mildred Jones	
Frances Klyce	
Theresa Lowenstein	



R. Little page.



Sallie Bright Allison
Mabel Aydelotte
Ruth Badgley
Mary Baker
Florine Bell
Brita Bent
Catherine Brown
Ruth Capers
Jessie Clifford
Louise Dial
Lillian Eoff
Pearl Hafner
Marie Harlow
Martha Hinton
Marguerite Jurcy
Lucile Jones
Ruth Atterbury
Albion Bacon

Annie Laurie Baird
Clara Beeland
Hazel Benson
Mary Louise Bogenrief
Sallie Key Brown
Carolyn Cheaney
Marguerite Colcord
Julia Dodge
Florence Frankland
Mary Agnes Harding

School of Household Economics

GRACE ELIZABETH FRYSSINGER . . . Director

Domestic Science Department

Juanita Harris
Frances Hill
Lona Howard
Johnston, Mrs. L.
Vera King
Lois Knight
Lucy Kayser
Rebecca Littlepage
Ella Malory
Daisy Matzner

Mary Lou McLarty
Eugenie Henry
Ada Miller
Emanie Nahm
Bessie Noel
Marcia Paramore
Margaret Robertson
Elva Rowe
Leila Smith
Edna Thomas

Della May Voglesang
Lillie James Walling
Mary Louise Knight
Florence Lee
Nossella Lucas
Mildred Mason
Annie McKean
Geraldine McCluskey
Sarah Morris
Edna Neely
Ruchel North
Erna Pierron
Donna Blair Roseborough
Edna B. Simpson
Bessie Stovall
Frances Threadgill
Helen Marie Walker
Edith Whiteside

Domestic Art Department

Sallie Bright Allison
Florine Bell
Ruth Capers
Mrs. L. Johnston

Albion Bacon
Hazel Benson
Lillian Eoff
Mary Agnes Harding

Mildred Mason
Mary Lou McLarty
Edna Thomas
Della May Voglesang

Rachel Major
Erna Pierron
Frances Threadgill
Helen Marie Walker

Victoria Wootton
Alice Kieberg
Ellen Kernachan



She took Domestic Science at
BELMONT



He took Football at
VANDERBILT

Expression Class, 1909-1910

Officers

ELLA WHITNEL	President
CATHERINE YATES	Vice-President
HAZEL WILSON	Secretary
RUBY MAY WARNOCK	Treasurer

Senior Class

Ella Whitnel	Mary E. Marshall
Lucile Jones	Ida M. Hood

Members

Mary Watson	Lucile Jones	Catherine Yates	Alice Kleberg
Mae Bell Abrams	Hazel Larmon	Helen Kelly	Marion Leftwich
Clara Baird	Maude Malone	Mary Avent	Charlotte Love
Elizabeth Barnwell	Emily Martin	Hazel Baker	Mary Elizabeth Marshall
Louise Blackstone	Elizabeth McClure	Fannie Bennie	Ruth McEuen
Gracia Booher	Edna Neely	Eva Blakeney	Annie McKean
Catherine Brown	Lucile New	Fannie Lou Bragg	Queenie Neeley
Daisy Brooks	Catherine Pilcher	Elizabeth Brown	Annie Paulk
Ruth Capers	Bernice Reaney	Elma Burns	Nora Puryear
Lucile Chabot	Eleanor Ristine	Cleo Carpenter	Miriam Reddoch
Helen Clarke	Donna B. Roseborough	Gladys Clarke	Mary Dale Robertson
Jane Douglass Crawford	Mary Rucker	Mary Louise Crawford	Sadie Ross
Juliett Desport	Mary Shadow	Hazel Davis	Louise Sieber
Rufus Foster	Mildred Sidebottom	Katherine Foote	Lucile Stoner
Mabel Grizzard	Helen Taylor	Tulita Green	Mary Louise Sharpe
Mary Head	Nora Trousdale	Elizabeth Hart	Martha Trogdon
Ida Hoover	Ruby May Warnock	Ida M. Hood	Della Voglesang
Mary D. Houston	Vera Warren	Lucile Hull	Ethel Warnock
Henrietta Kleberg	Hazel Wilson	Helen Hughes	Ella Whitnel
Mary Frances Armstrong		Louise Armstrong	Florence Kahn
Penelope Winford		Allie Belle Williams	



SOPHOCLES' "ELECTRA"

"Ah, Electra, child of a mother most ill-starred,
What means this ceaseless lamentation?"

(Chorus)



SHAKESPEARE'S "MIDSUMMER-NIGHT'S DREAM"

"I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee, Titania."



Art Club

MOTTO

"Our palette is our instrument,
Its colors the notes, and upon it we play our symphonies."

Officers

REBECCA LITTLEPAGE	President
VICTORIA WOOTTEN	Vice-President
MISS BOYD	Director
CLARA SCHILLIG	Secretary
MARIE NEWMAN	Treasurer

Members

	Elva Rowe	Ada Miller
	Emma Taylor	Lois Knight
	Mary Haynes	Lucile Hull
	Irene Booker	Emily Martin
	Marie Newman	Kittie Cowden
	Bessie Byrd	Gladys Boone
Bessie Miller	Rebecca Littlepage	Lucy Kayser
Eva Blakeney	Milliscent Elston	Fannie Bennie
Mae Bell Abrams	Carolyn Giddings	Allie Belle Williams
Louise Waggener		Julia Spencer
Evelyn Shaner		Roberta Parker
Eleanor Gordon		Marguerite Quick
Clara Schillig		Eleanor Ristine
Virginia Maddox	Victoria Wootten	
Kathleen Conner	Virginia Craig	
Henrietta	Kleberg	



Borrowed Plumage

"Oh, dear, what shall I do?" lamented Mrs. Barrett, screwing up her pretty face into a frown. She had in her hand two letters, and that these were disturbing her was evident to her husband, as he looked up inquiringly from his newspaper.

"If you'll put down your old paper, I'll tell you what's the matter," she pouted, and Jim patiently did as he was told, while Mary began reading the letters.

"This is from Dorothy Ayre, out at Rutherford College, accepting my invitation to spend the week end here."

"DEAR MRS. BARRETT:

"It was so sweet of you to ask me out over Sunday, and I accept with pleasure. After begging a long time, I finally got permission to come Saturday afternoon, though you may be sure I didn't mention going to the dance. I shall be so glad to meet your brother, and think it will be splendid to lead the cotillion with him. I will be ready at four, as you suggested, and until then, I am

"Sincerely yours,

"DOROTHY AYRE."

"And now listen to what Jack says:"

"DEAR SIS:

"The boss has ordered me to Pensacola, and I can't possibly get home in time for the dance. Give Little Miss Ayre my best and fondest regards and tell her, from all I have heard of her, the inability to be there will be all the more bitter. So long.

"JACK."

"Now, that's what is troubling me. Here it is Friday, and I don't know any of the boys, and the poor child will, of course, be disappointed not to go to the dance. I think Jack's 'boss' should have been more considerate. I wish he were dead—and that you had never met Mr. Ayre, and didn't have to be nice to his daughter."

"I tell you what, Mary, if you say the word, I will call up John, and tell him to come down over Sunday. He can be here at four-thirty to-morrow afternoon."

"Your brother, John?" Mary looked incredulous. "Oh, nonsense, Jim! Why, he's a dignified school teacher, thirty at least; and I do not imagine Dorothy is over eighteen. That would never do. She is probably a dear, sweet child, but John is so staid and serious they—"

"Oh, all right! I just thought maybe he could help you out. You'll get along, though; you always do."

"If that isn't just like a man! Well, I suppose you had better telephone John—but I know they'll never be suited."

* * * * *

In the meantime Dorothy was planning her wardrobe, assisted by all of her intimate friends who were giving, together with their clothes, directions and advice. It was Dorothy's first visit in the city, and hence she was not considered to know "how to act."

"Now, Dorothy, look here; Jack Ware is the biggest jollier in town, and you've just got to liveen up and give him back as good as he sends."

"To make a hit in this place, you have to know three things—how to dress, how to talk, and how to use your eyes."

"Yes, that's just right; now, Dot, you wear Ethel's suit and my hat. They are the most becoming. Bess, haven't you some good-looking shoes that will fit her? and oh, Ruth, do lend her your silver pocket-book."

Then it was that Dorothy stamped her foot, just as viciously as she had it in her to stamp, and cried, "You all make me tired! My clothes may not be fine and pretty, but I have never borrowed *yet*, and I don't want to—and as for the 'hit,' that I won't make, unless I *flirt*, well, I don't care; I wish you would let me alone."

"Now, Dorothy," began her roommate in a soothing tone, "you know we wouldn't make you unhappy for worlds. Your clothes *are* pretty, but you know you are tired of them; and Ethel's new gray suit would look so nice. For my part, I would be tickled that they were all so nice about lending their things. It shows Molly likes you better than the rest of us, for she would not think of letting us wear her lavender satin gown."

"And honey," chimed in Ruth, "the reason we're so anxious for you to look extra well, is that we are so crazy about you and Jack Ware, and want you to like each other. You act just as you please—only be gay and don't care if you *do* say or do something foolish. Jack can't bear to see any one dignified or poky."

Then Louise, Dorothy's particular friend, whispered, "Be good to him for my sake, Dot. I have told him so much about you, and I do want you to look your best when you lead the cotillion."

Dorothy thought of her "plain but serviceable" suit, and her hat with the feathers limp from the week before's rain; then finally surrendered, and left the school looking charming indeed in all of her borrowed finery. As the girl stepped into the handsome Limousine car waiting for her, there was a distinct change in Dorothy, as though she had decided that borrowed gaiety must go together with clothes not her own. If the girls could have heard her seem-

ingly continuous stream of words to her new acquaintance, they would have indeed felt that their talk had taken effect. The demure little Dorothy Ayre was transformed into a veritable chatterbox. At each rare pause, Mrs. Barrett would nerve herself up to telling the girl that Jack would not be there during her visit, but just as she would open her mouth, Dorothy's tongue started, and the opportunity was gone.

When the car drew up in front of the station, and a tall, well-built young man emerged from the crowd and came toward them, Dorothy took it for granted he must be Jack, and cried out in a manner calculated to please him, before Mrs. Barrett had a chance to introduce the two, "How do you do, Mr. Ware? I have heard so much about you I feel as if we were old friends. You see, I room with Helen Baird, and Louise Foxwell is my best friend."

John Barrett, B. S., Ph. D., professor of Science and Philosophy in his State University, stood, in undisguised amazement, helplessly holding the hand of this impetuous young lady. He looked from her to his sister-in-law, and back again, until, catching Mrs. Barrett's eye, he remained non-committal, and got into the car.

"Mr. Ware, you are much older than I imagined, but you know I am always getting pictures of people in my mind; and they are wrong, just lots of times." She kept up a rapid fire of one-sided conversation, until John was well-nigh paralyzed.

They finally stopped before the Barrett residence, and Dorothy was installed in the daintiest little white and gold room imaginable. While she was removing her wraps, and making mental notes of things, "in order to tell the girls every detail," she made up her mind that in spite of Jack Ware's unresponsiveness, she would go on in her new role, for the girls' sake.

* * * * *

Downstairs, Mrs. Barrett was explaining things to her big brother-in-law, who looked very much puzzled and alarmed.

"What on earth is the matter with her, Mary? She evidently takes me for your brother, but—"

"Well, John, you see it's this way. Jim just has to be nice to her father, who is a prominent business man; so I asked the child out here. Jack expected to be here too. In fact, he was going to take her to his fraternity cotillion to-night, and from what she said, Jack must be a very popular young man out there in the school. She talked so much about him that I just couldn't bring myself to tell her he wasn't coming. Now, *please* pretend you're Jack—just for these three days, and take Dorothy to the dance to-night. You belong to that fraternity and know most of the boys."

Beneath the dignity and seriousness of John Barrett's make-up, there was a keen sense of humor, so he consented to the scheme. "But, Mary, every one at the dance will hail me as Barrett, sure."

"Now, John, I don't believe, and you wouldn't either, if you would stop to think, that she will be paying much attention to

what people call you. It's lucky that you have the same first name, and I am certain she will never know the difference."

A light step on the stairs prevented further conversation upon that subject, and when Dorothy entered the room she found Mrs. Barrett and her brother discussing Halley's comet.

It was almost too much for Mrs. Barrett to see the college professor unbend and talk and sing with Dorothy, like old friends; but she was still more surprised when she returned to the room a short time later. For the conversation had changed completely, and Dorothy and John were discussing questions of good form.

"Now, out at school," Dorothy was saying in a calmer tone than Mrs. Barrett had yet heard her use, "somehow it's so different. Why, the girls do many things that I know they wouldn't think of at home. My aunt and my father have brought me up very carefully, but here I get so—well, yes, flighty—that I don't realize what I am doing. Now borrowing for instance; my father would be so shocked if he knew how we girls borrow little things."

"Do they here, too? I never knew girls did such things at all until the other day one of the teachers at the University told me about a young lady making a visit actually wearing her roommates' clothes, allowing other people to think they were her own. You all, of course, can not be that bad off—but I think it is the strangest thing I ever heard of."

Dorothy, sitting there in not only her roommate's clothes, but those of all of her friends, felt her cheeks burning. She tried to look unconscious, but failed. John went on talking, but she did not hear a word, so intensely was she thinking. She felt she must not let him know that she was in the exact shoes of the girl he told about. Oh, why had she mentioned borrowing—and going back still further—why had she borrowed? Suddenly she realized that Jack had asked her a question, and as she had also learned that it was most unpardonable not to pay attention to a person speaking to you, she sprang up with a forced little laugh.

"Oh, we're talking too seriously. Do you know that song, 'Little Bright Eyes,' from the play of that name?" And sitting down at the piano, she played and sang all of the popular songs until they reached the jolly, merry stage once more.

But despite the laughing mood that had come over the young people, when they were dressing that evening for the cotillion there returned to each of their minds, the conversation on borrowing. John was puzzled and worried about what he had said to make Dorothy act so strangely. He was enough of a student of human nature to see that the little girl was "somehow good" beneath the light and frivolous exterior.

Dorothy, as she dressed in all her borrowed things, felt so guilty at each thing she put on, and so sure of Jack's disapproval that she felt that she wanted to tear them all off—but she remembered she had nothing of her own with her. She felt that she was certainly mistaken in Jack. The girls had all agreed that he was a "jolly good fellow," a "cute kid," and "a sure enough sport." She decided that traveling for the shoe company he was with had changed him,

and she was surely glad of it. Now she could be more like her real self, and feel that her actions would be approved by him.

* * * * *

Dorothy was a lovely picture as she stood at the head of the stairs, ready to go down. Mollie's white satin gown seemed just fitted to her slim, graceful figure. Her dark hair, with just a suggestion of a wave was low on her neck, and her large, black eyes sparkled as merrily as though nothing had occurred to disturb her peace of mind.

John went half way up to meet her, carrying a large bunch of beautiful violets.

"They just came, Miss Dorothy. The man was delayed somehow. Oh, by the way, Sister Mary tells me you were expecting to lead the cotillion. I'm mighty sorry, but I am not so favored this time. However, when I do have that honor, you may be sure I shall think of you, and if you are not already engaged, we'll lead it together, yes!"

John's manner made it easier for Dorothy to conceal her disappointment. She *had* looked forward to it, but never mind, she ought to be glad she was going at all—that was pleasure enough. She exclaimed over the violets, and went back to pin them to her bodice. Alas! it is sad to tell what happened. Dorothy hurried, and stuck the pin deep into her finger, and then a drop of blood appeared on the white satin; and as Dorothy spied it in the mirror, two big tears rolled down her cheeks. It was really too much. She tried to wash the stain out, but it only spread and looked worse than ever. She ran to the door and told Mrs. Barrett. "What shall I do? It's Mollie's dress; oh, dear, oh, dear. What will take it out?"

Mrs. Barrett arranged the violets so the spot didn't show, and persuaded Dorothy to go on to the dance, and not think any more about it. But when she found herself in the automobile and Jack was expressing his sympathy over the accident, she could not keep from saying, in a tremulous little voice, "You see it was not so much the ruining of my dress—it's *not* mine! I borrowed it!" She did not even try to see his face, but went on, now that she had gotten that far.

"Yes, I borrowed the dress, the suit and the hat I had on to-day, and even the suit-case I brought my things in—oh, *please* don't say anything; it's hard enough!"

"Don't feel so about it, Miss Dorothy; I want you to know I admire you for telling me about it. Of course it's hard! But—now, I want to make a confession to you. I am not the man you think I am—my name is not Jack Ware, but John Barrett."

"What, you're not Jack Ware! and you don't know Helen, or Louise, or Ruth, or any of the girls? Well, will you please tell me why you let me think differently?"

So he explained the affair, and they agreed to let bygones be bygones and begin all over in their friendship. By the time the fraternity house was reached all was forgotten, but the cotillion; and they both enjoyed the evening immensely. Dorothy decided that it was much better to be the partner of an alumnus whom everybody knew and loved, even if she didn't lead the cotillion, than the one she was to have had.

On the way home, Dorothy and John both made mental resolutions—she that she would never borrow again, and he that at the next opportunity he would come back and see her.

C. YATES.

Lenten Penance

We, the undersigned, hereby resolve that we will not leave the *Campus of Belmont College*, either for pleasure or otherwise, beginning with March twentieth, nineteen hundred ten, and ending April twentieth, nineteen hundred ten. This act was written and drawn up for the sole purpose of showing our parents that we could do without and deprive ourselves of anything whatsoever we wished.

The Faculty, through mere kindness, has taken this matter up (at our request) and are trying to help us to convince our parents that we are able to deprive ourselves of the following mere trifles:

1. *Theatre going.*
2. *Skalowski's.*
3. *Luigari's.*

4. *Week-end visits.*

5. *Everything* pertaining to outside the campus of said college.

In order to show our stability of character, we have chosen "Merry springtime" (Lord knows we couldn't help it) rather than "Bleak winter" for this small sacrifice. The faculty deem this to be a noble deed on our part, and we (brave girls) are martyrs to our cause.

Believe us ever sincerely yours.

Signed this twenty-second day of March, 1910,
by

FLORENCE E. HOLLINGSWORTH.

FLORENCE M. LEE.

Witness: MR. HOOVER.



Music Faculty

EDOUARD HESSELBERG
Director

ALICE K. LEFTWICH
Piano

MRS. SOPHIE GIESKE-BERRY
Piano

MARTHA G. DISMUKES
Piano

FLORENCE E. WEBB
Piano

LOUISE BOGENRIEF
Piano

LELIA WHEELER
Voice

ELISE D. MERSON
Voice

PAUL VALTINKE
Violin

MABEL COLLIN OSBORNE
Theory and Harmony



The "Hesselberg" Class

COLORS
Pink and White

MOTTO
Practice makes perfect

FLOWER
Wild Rose

ELISE EPPERSON President
LUCY BRIDGES Vice-President
BRITA BENT Treasurer
LOUISE WYATT Secretary
CHRISTINE HOLMAN Representative

Roll Call

Barze, Virginia
Bent, Brita
Blackshear, Erin
Bridges, Lucy
Buckingham, Louise
Deboe, Mary
Dickson, Edwina
Eatman, Eva
Brock, Emma
Fleming, Avalyn
Harris, Bessie
Hoffman, Carroll
Holman, Christine
Isaacs, Norma
Leach, Ruby
Loggins, Beth
Morris, Mildred
Phillips, Ruth
Rankin, Alma
Smith, Bessie
Thornton, Pauline
Webb, Aileen
Whittington, Marion
Wyatt, Louise



GEORGE LAMAR HESSELBERG, Mascot

Roll Call

Bateman, Janie
Bennie, Fannie
Bresler, Virginia
Chapman, Jeannette
Dewey, Clarice
Eatman, Edna
Elder, Ernestine
Epperson, Elise
Ford, Frances
Harmon, Franke
Heisey, Pearl
Hogue, Lenore
Hinton, Mattie
Lamar, Annie
Long, Mary Lou
Littell, Mary
Neeley, Queenie
Portwood, Nea
Siebert, Burnah
Stoner, Lucile
Taylor, Lucile
Whitson, Mary
Wootten, Effie



Ensemble Club

EDNA EATMAN *Manager*

ELISE EPPERSON *Vice-President*

JAMIE BATEMAN *Treasurer*

ERNESTINE ELDER

LUCY BRIDGES

President

Secretary



Roll Call

Jamie Bateman

Lucy Bridges

Emma Louise Brock

Louise Buckingham

Jeanette Chapman

Edwina Dickson

Edna Eatman

Eva Eatman

Ernestine Elder

Elise Epperson



Roll Call

Mattie Hinton

Christine Holman

Pearle Heisey

Norma Isaacs

Ruby Mai Leach

Alma Rankin

Lucile Stoner

Mary Alice Whitson

Marion Whittington

Effie Wootten

Louise Wyatt

All members of the "Ensemble Club" are students of Mr. Hesselberg.

Proposed April Programme

1. "INAUGURATION MARCH" *Bernard Bockelman*
Misses Louise Wyatt, Louise Buckingham, Edwina Dickson, Lucy Bridges
2. "POLLACA". *Herman Mohr*
Misses Mattie Hinton, Lucile Stoner, Ernestine Elder, Eva Eatman
3. "CARNAVAL ESPAGNOL". *Theodore Lack*
Misses Pearl Heisey and Christine Holman
4. (a) "MATROSENTAUZ". *Edwin Schults*
(b) "DANSE GALICHENNE". *Jules Zarembski*
Misses Alma Rankin, Norma Isaacs, Ruby Mai Leach, Effie Wootten
5. "FANTASY-CONCERTO". *Heinrich Rietsch*
Miss Elise Epperson. Orchestral Parts: Mr. Hesselberg
6. FINALE FROM "D MINOR ORCHESTRAL SUITE". *Anton Dvorak*
Misses Pearl Heisey, Jeanette Chapman, Mary Alice Whitson, Jamie Bateman
7. "CAPRICE VALSE". *Enrico Castro*
Miss Edna Eatman and Mr. Hesselberg
8. "JOTA ARRAGONAISA". *Michael Gluck*
Misses Edna Eatman, Elise Epperson, Marion Whittington, Mary Louise Brock

KIMBALL PIANOFORTE





Orchestra

Officers

MARGARET WHITTINGTON	President
LOUISE BROCK	Vice-President
PROFESSOR VALTINCKE	Director

Members

Rachel Major, Violin
 Arline Kirk, Violin
 Aimee Salmon, Cornet
 Elise Epperson, Guitar
 Louise Brock, Guitar
 Mr. Henkel, Viola

Margaret Whittington, Violin
 Cleo Carpenter, Violin
 Edna Eatman, Cornet
 Rebecca Littlepage, Guitar
 Miss Towne, Mandolin
 Inez Gill, Accompanist

Professor Valtincke's Class

Officers

RACHEL MAJOR	President
MARGARET WHITTINGTON	Vice-President
CLEO CARPENTER	Secretary
GLADYS MORRISON	Treasurer

Members

Rachel Major	Margaret Whittington
Nellie Finnegan	Gladys Morrison
Cleo Carpenter	Marion Leftwich
William Leftwich	Julia Jastremski
Bessie Smith	Kathleen Rush
Epsie Brandt	Arlene Kirk
Hazel Larmon	Hilma Green



Mrs. Berry's Class

Officers

INEZ GILL	President
EUDORA MAJOR	Vice-President
ETHEL WARNOCK	Secretary
IONE MONTGOMERY	Treasurer
EDITH CHABOT	Mascot

Members

Mabel Aydelotte	Florence Lee
Mattie May Blakemore	Eudora Major
Sallie Key Brown	Ida Mallory
Epsie Brandt	Mildred Mason
May Burns	Ruth McEuen
Roxie Cage	Bessie Miller
Lida Canon	Edna Neely
Edith Chabot	Ione Montgomery
Stella Collins	Meta Ormsbee
Nellie Finnegan	Ethel Purcell
Inez Gill	Margaret Robertson
Pearl Hafner	Louise Savage
Elise Henderson	Katherine Ruble
Lenore Hogue	Irene Sternberger
Kathleen Jameson	Bessie Stovall
Sloan Johnson	Ethel Warnock
Melita Knox	Agnes Weber
Sarah Frances White	
Allie Belle Williams	
Victoria Wootten	



Glee Club

REBECCA LITTLEPAGE President
 MOSSIE LUCAS Vice-President
 ALMA GORDON Secretary

INEZ EKLUND Treasurer
 INEZ GILL Accompanist
 MISS WHEELER Director

First Sopranos

Brita Bent Lida Canon
 Charles Littlepage Mossie Lucas
 Della Voglesang Inez Eklund Victoria Wootten
 Sarah Frances White Julia Spencer Carrie Lee Sherrod
 Gladys Woodson Carolyn Cheaney

Second Sopranos

Jessie Clifford Lillie Dalton
 Alma Gordon Cora Henderson
 Pearl Hafner Louise Savage
 Alma Rankin Aimee Salmon
 Ella Whitnel
 Rebecca Littlepage

Altos

Elise Epperson Frances Ford Annis Jones Louise Wyatt
 Mary Sue Nance Dolores Lockwood Erna Pierron

Leschetizky Club

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REECE INGRAM	Vice-President
EVA MILTON	Secretary
ESTHER BASKETTE	Treasurer
MISS DISMUKES	Director

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Clara Baird	Edith Miller
Esther Baskette	Eva Milton
Florine Bell	Kathleen Mormon
Lila Bishop	Ola Nelms
Mary Buchanan	Marcia Paramore
Frances Cox	Genendel Schnabaum
Ruby Cox	Dolce Simpson
Lillie Dalton	Mary Louise Sharpe
Mabel Grizzard	Emma Taylor
Reece Ingram	Maude Wagley
Mildred Jones	Ella Whitnell

Clara Schumann Club

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LOUISE NANCE	President
MOSSIE LUCAS	Vice-President
ELLEN KERNACHAN	Secretary
ELIZABETH DAMERON	Treasurer
CLEO CARPENTER	Representative

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Cleo Carpenter	Helen Clarke
Craig, Kathryn	Dameron, Elizabeth
Rufus Foster	Susie Fristoe
Carroll Hoffman	Ida M. Hood
C. M. Horn	Florence Kahn
Carrie Kernachan	Ellen Kernachan
Marion Leftwich	Sybil Lowenberg
Mossie Lucas	Helen Marx
Elliott Meador	Jeannette Moorman
Louise Nance	Blanche Rutter
Hazel Scales	Alpha Sledge
Beryl Williams	

Miss Bogenrief's Class

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LUCILE CROW	Secretary
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Anna Deal Bramwell	Birdie Mae Matthews
Virginia Carmichael	Pauline McCain
Lucile Crow	Madge Norton
Laura Davis	Blanche Robinson
Julia Dodge	Donna Blair Roseborough
Alma Gordon	Aimee Salmon
Juanita Harris	Hassie Smith
Marie Harlow	Edna Thomas
Jennie Hull	Helen Marie Walker
Annis Jones	Zetta Jones
Margaret Whittington	Helen Krell
	Juliette Wolcott

Miss Merson's Class

Officers

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CHRISTINE HOLMAN	Vice-President
VICTORIA WOOTTEN	Secretary
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Lucile Crow	Virginia Lea
Lillian Eoff	Mary Lou Long
Eva Eatman	Hattie McGee
Caroline Frater	Louise Minge
Alma Gordon	Reece Ingram
Helen Hughes	Geraldine McClusky
Lucile Hull	Erna Pierron
Christelle Hemphill	Margaret Ray
Christine Hamilton	Aimee Salmon
Christine Holman	Julia Spencer
Cora Henderson	Alpha Sledge
Franke Harmon	Martha Trogdon
Mabel Inglis	Della Voglesang
Victoria Wootten	Vera Warren
Ella Whitnel	

Miss Wheeler's Class

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SARAH FRANCES WHITE	Vice-President
INEZ EKLUND	Secretary
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Clara Beeland	Doy B. Myatt
Brita Bent	Gladys Morrison
Erin Blackshear	Queenie Neeley
Ruby Cox	Edna Neely
Lida Canon	Nea Portwood
Carolyn Cheaney	Elva Rowe
Jessie Clifford	Alma Rankin
Inez Eklund	Carrie Lee Sherrod
Inez Gill	Louise Savage
Elise Henderson	Dolce Simpson
Callie May Horn	Lucile Stoner
Florence Hollingsworth	Pauline Thornton
Kathleen Jameson	Lucile Taylor
Charles Littlepage	Frances Threadgill
Mossie Lucas	Gladys Woodson
Rebecca Littlepage	Ida Fae Wooldridge
Sarah Frances White	

Class of Florence E. Webb

Officers

CHRISTINE HAMILTON	President
RAE GADDIS	Vice-President
MARGUERITE QUICK	Secretary
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Elizabeth Brown	Christine Hamilton
Beckwith Baird	Ruth Johnson
Delia Burns	Mary D. Kelly
Idalee Carlisle	Ethel McIntire
Anne Chesley	Mary Lou McLarty
Gladys Clarke	Marguerite Quick
Ollie Connell	Mary Dale Robertson
Kathleen Conner	Gladys Woodson
Ruth Conner	Nelwyn Williams
Roberta Dublin	Frances Swann
Lillian Eoff	Nora Trousdale
Helen Gabriel	Anna Steele
Carrie Rives	Rae Gaddis



To The Point

By the Light of the Silvery Moon

In My Garden that Blooms for You the Yankee Prince, meeting the Flirting Princess, said: "My Little Mademoiselle, I Remember you in The Land of Used-To-Be, as Lolo, Daughter of the Forest. Love Me When the Moonlight is Dreamy, love me in golden dawn." But she said, "I Can't Love Everybody. And anyway, Don't Forget the Girl You Left Behind." He groaned, "Oh, What Fools We Mortals Be, but remember Boys will be Boys, and I don't even Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now. So Won't You Be My Valentine, for you know To-night Will Never Come Again. Please Don't Go, Because I don't know whether You'll Come Back or Not. I Guess I Talk Too Much, but That's the American Idea and, anyway,

There's Nothing the Matter with You. Don't Be Cross With Me When Love is Waiting Around the Corner."

But she said, "What's the Use, I want to be a Naughty Little Girl, and Wear Rings on My Fingers and Bells on My Toes. I Don't Want to Marry Your Family. I Want F-A-M-E. I Want to be the Talk of New York in Cupid and the Dollar, And I'm Going to Do What I Please, But if it Were Not for Father—What's the Matter With Father—Can't You See, You're a Stingy Thing. Sometimes, when I'm in the Garden of Roses, I think If I Only had a Beau, but in reality They All Follow Me like they have been stung by the Love Bug. But now Poor Old Dad's in New York for the Summer and I'm Afraid to be Alone and tis Lone-

some and Moontime and these Daisies Won't Tell—
I'm Glad I'm a Boy, Little Lady, Because I Love
You Truly; You're the Sweetest Bunch of Violets,
Lady Love. I Love You as the Roses Love the
Dew. Dear Old Dear, My Golden Girl, Love Me
Just Because I'm Your Prince of To-night and let
me say you're My Southern Rose. A Dear Old
World After All is Said and Done and *now*—Every-
body Wonders Why They're Married.

EUDORA MAJOR.

Fables in Slang

Once there came a Lochinvarina from out of the West who thought she was the genuine article. Her spiel about "father's millions," "my machine," and "mother's yacht" made all other gab dispensers look like four-flushers. She thought she was just the real and only Holland Roquefort.

Now, this classy article took council with itself and decided to give unto the long-suffering "400" such a swaree as had never been heard of before, even by the oldest inhabitants. Out came her festive array and every puny penny from the governor's regular check book was transformed into violets and feeds for the Pi Etas and the Eta Rhoe Pis, for Lochinvarina was too wise a gazabo to stake all on her rubifoam smile. And the wearers of the Greek emblems were too wise to spoil their graft. And it took her a long time to

get a brain-throb, during all of which interim she was deep on the anxious seat, waiting results. And when the time came for the Sandalled Palmers to hit the rails for home and mother, our Lochinvarina left not one friend at the door to give her the glad-mit.

Moral, where there's a will there's not always a way.

Once upon a time, ninety-eight pounds of Arkansas nonentity, packed off by a father rich and a mother not caring, hitched to the ancient and classic walls of a place of perpetual grind on the shores of the Cumberland. She had just gotten a valedictory out of her system at a local grammar school and was still suffering from the effects, in that her head was enlarged to the square of its size and was inversely proportional to the size of her gray matter.

Ere she came, she was keen on Shakespeare and strong for the sciences, but one dark day a human being in the guise of an instructor swept the class over with an intellectual blizzard.

The Arkansas traveller gazed coquettishly at the question, "Make a neat oil painting of the electrons in motion in solid matter at a temperature of 260 degrees F. below." Then she flirted with the question, "Construct a thesis of five thousand words of the points of similarity between Dante's

'Inferno' and Riley's 'An Old Sweetheart of Mine.'"

The ante was steep, but there was no renigging. She started pushing the lead over the papyrus at a Dan Patch clip until she was asphyxiated by the fumes of burning graphite. When she finally came to, the clock pointed to the hour of 14:30
V.A. M.

Moral—There're a lots of things you never learn at school.

Once upon a time in the age of enlightenment, one could skip excess laundry bills. That was in the Time-Was.

Now it absorbed into the soft kernel of one young nut that all this uncalled for expenditure of shekels could be cut out. So one bath night, when she was looking her sharpest and rivaling Sadie herself in her lack of maiden modesty in wearing apparel and doing the dip as gracefully as a rhino in the water of the Nile, she suddenly struck a snag.

She was tapped on the left fore shoulder by Cleo, an Ethiopian, and what she saw made her let out a scream like a fire-engine siren. Mr. Lilly had come for his regular tub-night stunt. He chased her around like a flea on a hot griddle, and finally cornered her by the "Red Dais," and stuck her

for her ten for church. Then he began looking for more turnips to squeeze.

Moral—Dust settles.

—D. M.

When Juanita Evans has the floor,
Her voice begins to rise and soar
Till at last it becomes a perfect roar
That threatens to drive you out of the door.

Here's to the prissiest priss in school,
The girl who has never yet broken a rule,
Our dear little priss, so exceedingly nice,
Our old goody-goody, the prissy Ruth Trice.

REECE (writing to "him"): "And that man was so cross-eyed that when he cried the tears ran down his back, and he had to be operated on for bacteria."

JUANITA EVANS (correcting some papers for the Annual and trying to make them "cuter"): "Look here, let's put something about Miss Maxwell's reading 'The Count of Monte Cristo;' you know it's one of those yellow-back novels."

STUDENT (at desk): "Miss Simpson, will you please excuse me?"

Miss S.: "What for?"

STUDENT (promptly): "Fifteen minutes."

"Do you know where Miss Blalock is?"

"No, do you want her?"

"Oh, no, but I should like to find Miss Cook!"

"The Night-shirt Parade"

'Twas one night after light-bell, and all through the house
Not a creature was stirring—not even a mouse.
We girls were all sleeping so snug in our beds
While visions of summertime danced through our heads.

When out on the lawn there arose such a clatter
We ran to the window to see what was the matter.
And there on North Front was a sight to behold,
The particulars of which can scarcely be told.

The Vanderbilt boys, in white clothes arrayed,
Were giving to Belmont a night-shirt parade.
Each one of them carried a sombre, red light,
Which surely presented one great, gruesome sight.

And while we all hung there, more outside than in,
Miss Schoeni, "our trusty," thro' the door did come in.
She raised the old "Dickens," and gave it to us,
For acting like heathen and hanging out thus.

Though she fussed and she fumed, it was all done in vain,
As we only hung further for more view to gain.
Then Miss Schoeni grew angry and grabbed the first shin
Of the girl nighest to her and yanked her within.

"Why, girls, this is awful," she cried in great horror,
"You'll answer for it when the "Pac" meets to-morrow."
Well, she talked and she talked and angrier grew,
Till she strongly resembled an "Untamed Shrew."

Then bidding us all to get right into bed,
She went out, still fussing and shaking her head.
No sooner had she slammed the door to behind her,
Than we climbed out and locked it—lots sadder, but wiser!

Our former positions real quickly we took,
Low we hung out the window still further to look.
The Vandies were dancing and beating on tin,
Loud screaming and yelling and raising a din.

The notes were a' fluttering and cards were outflung,
Some yells were then given, and college songs sung,
'Till Vanderbilt, thinking they'd raised enough muss,
Then piled out the "North Gate" with a terrible fuss.

When they had all gotten the avenue down,
We eased in the window and bedward were bound.
Again all was silent and throughout the house
Not a creature was stirring—not *even a mouse* (?).

—LUCILE JONES.

Potatoes

Hashed, mashed, Lyonnaise,
Au gratin, and a la braise—
We have them so much we almost feel
Like they ought to be put in the Belmont seal.

If all the days were holidays,
And all the girls picturesque,
And all we did was dance and play,
Would we be "Belmont-esque?"

A young-a-da lady, named Meta,
Knows how-a to take-a defeat-a-:
She never-a smiles
At da odder folks wiles,
But goes off-a and says-a "Dey cheat-a."

Ruth T.'s pet expression is "social errah."
At Belmont they say she's a perfect "terrah."
She talks by the hour of the next K. A. dances,
And goes into raptures o'er Sewanee boys' glances.

She's a finished young lady, this charming B. A.,
Who far off to Europe will soon sail away,
But the thought that now puts on her mind such a "dampah
Is how she can leave "deah" Sewanee and Tampa.

There is a young lady named Wyatt
Who has never been known to keep quiet;
Her mouth all day races
At such break-neck paces
That I guess we will just have to tie it.

Oh You "Nuns!"

There is a roll at Belmont,
And it is wondrous wise;
Some of its members now pay toll
For eating midnight pies.

The reason we say "midnight pies"
Is just to make the rhyme,
For they had all a "feast" implies—
Olives and sandwiches sublime.

They also had ice cream and cakes,
All sorts of things "divine."
And do those girls say "Feasts are fakes"
Or at their "campus-ed" lot repine?

Not they—those valiant girls, the Nuns,
They only say, as they merrily smile,
Though we're shot just now by Faculty's guns,
We certainly led them a dance for awhile.

Senior's Reverie

Oft as I sit within my room,
I wonder what the future'll be;
Shall I in gladness or in gloom
Sail on my journey 'cross the sea?

When shall I find the Anchor Life—
What shall my occupation be?
Must I go plodding, filled with strife,
Or shall I from all cares be free?

What Nemesis will drag me 'long
To some dark fate on earth to meet?
Have I a star of joy and song
To bring forth victory, vanquish defeat?

Ah! would that I my fate might know—
That Future's iron will might bend;
Experience teaches all too slow,
But patience bids me 'wait the end.

—A. V. W.

Belmont

MEALS.

A bean or two,
An Irish stew,
Veg'table Atomic;
A sauce of prayer,
Dessert of air,
Oh! joy Astronomic!

CLASS ROOM

A pedagogue,
A decalogue,
A time to be discreet;
Oh! mother's joy,
If you but hide
A "pony" 'neath the seat.

LIGHT BELL.

The chickens pass
Across the grass
And up to their perches creep.
That's time for girls
To doff their curls,
And sleep, and sleep, and sleep!

RISING BELL.

The chickens down
Upon the ground
Hunt for the early worm.
That's the time for you
To up and do.
Why should you fuss and
squirm?

Said M. B. to her crush, "Oh, you kid,
You don't love me as much as you did."
"But you see," said her crushie,
"You're not quite so mushie
As you were before I was hid."

The Order of the Day at Belmont

Five o'clock—Eudora arises to study.
Six o'clock—Rising bell *prepares* to ring.
Seven o'clock—Belmont in general awakes.
Eight o'clock—Bess and May yawn.
Nine o'clock—Byrd and Margaret (worthy Seniors) take their places in Rec. Hall.
Ten o'clock—Ruth and Jamie cut chapel.
Eleven o'clock—Helen Marie consults Miss Simpson.
Twelve o'clock—Jessie glances into the mirror.
One o'clock—Emanie is asked to take her own seat in chapel.
Two o'clock—Elliotte and Mary take a stroll.
Three o'clock—Helen Mc. receives several letters from Nashville.
Four o'clock—Rebecca goes "down the street."
Five o'clock—Sally Fanny skips choral.
Six o'clock—Key forgets to stand for "chapel and corridor quiet."
Seven o'clock—Mossie plays "Home, Sweet Home," in Middle March.
Eight o'clock—Third Floor Founders see ghosts and upset the water-cooler.
Nine o'clock—Red Blackstone stops "visiting."
Nine-thirty o'clock—S. R. & S. C. R. retire.
Ten o'clock—Texas crowd have a feast.
Eleven o'clock—Mr. Hoover reports Miss Buchanan for having her light on.
Twelve o'clock—Girls at the S. I. A. House wonder if the light-bell has rung.
One to two o'clock—Miss Webb walks up and down the hall.
One to five o'clock—General rest and quiet at Belmont.

—E. N.

Belmont Calendar

Freshman Year—"Midsummer Night's Dream."
Sophomore Year—"Twelfth Night."
Junior Year—"Much Ado About Nothing."
Sub-Senior Year—"As You Like It."
Senior Year—"All's Well that Ends Well."

"That Card"

Mary wrote a little card,
Which was against the rule;
She wrote it to a boy, they say,
Who goes to some "prep" school.

When Dr. Landrith found this card,
He was distressed for sure,
And said, "This sort of thing
I simply won't endure."

So he made announcement
That if he found another
He'd send as quick as quick could be
A gentle hint to mother.

Well, now, if Mary writes her notes,
She does not mail her scratches,
But tears them into tiny bits
And quickly uses matches.

"Dots Twenty Cents"

(Dedicated to Nashville Laundry.)

Hazel had a little dress,
As plain as plain could be.
'Twas made of goods called calico,
With polka-dots, you see.

She sent it to the "laundry,"
As all nice girls should do,
And when they sent it back to her,
They charged her not one sou.

But when again she sent that dress,
'Twas dirty just in spots,
She found to her amazement
They'd charged her for her dots.

Chapel Quiet

(A tragedy in one act.)

ACT I. SCENE I.

PLACE: Assembly Hall.

TIME: One p. m. daily.

STUDENT:

To speak or not to speak, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The outbreaks and vengeance of Miss Simpson's anger,
Or to make defiance against a sea of rules
And by opposing weaken them; to whisper; to talk
Some more; and by a whisper to say we end
The tiresome and watchful nervous shock
That girls are heir to. 'Tis a result
Devoutly to be wished for; to whisper, to talk,
To talk, perchance to call, aye, there's the rub,
For in that time of call what teachers may come
When we have shuffled to our far-off seat and give us
pain?

SCENE II.

PLACE: Same as Scene I.

TIME: One-five p. m. daily.

[Enter Miss SIMPSON.]

Miss SIMPSON:

To scold or not to scold, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The noise and tumult of a disorderly chapel,
Or to make defiance against a sea of girls
And by demeriting end them; to scold, to rebuke
Once again; and by that scolding to say I end
The disturbing and tiring surprise
That Faculty is heir to. 'Tis a condition
Earnestly to be wished for. To scold, to rebuke,
To rebuke, perchance to reprimand, aye, there's the rub,
For in that reprimanding what girls may turn away
When I have angered them unpardonably,
And leave me all alone? —I. M. H.

The Feast

(With apologies to Longfellow, Tennyson and all others imposed upon.)

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the midnight feasts; Oh, listen, dear,
'Twas the night of exams, when all through the rooms
Not a girl there was living, but dreamt she of dooms.
The night was cold, the halls were creepy,
The time arrived, but the girls were sleepy.
Out of the rooms the girls soon ran,
For they were bringing many a can.
A radiance falls on all the feast—
The pickles, salad, all the booty.
The long rays from the candle weak
Guided all the girls about their duty.
The mirth and joy dashed high
On the happy festive board.
The feast is o'er and each girl goes creeping to her bed.
Now, this is all the tale I'll tell. It's over, all is said.

—I. M. H.

Hall of Fame

These girls have been placed in the Hall of Fame for being especially proficient in various lines:

For never having grown tall Sarah Frances White
For never having bluffed Ruth Atterbury
For never having helped anyone Elise Epperson
For never having told a joke Rebecca Littlepage
For never having gone to sleep in class Gaynelle Robinson
For never having been tardy . . May Harding and Bessie Stovall
For never having been happy Mamie Wilson
For never having cracked a smile Louise Wyatt
For never having had a neck Catherine Brown
For never having eaten anything Mary Louise Dial
For never having been an officer Ruth Trice
For never having made an announcement Ida M. Hood
For never having broken "Chapel and Corridor Quiet"

Esther Baskette

Louise Nance

—I. M. H.

My Me!

(With due apologies to Dr. Lamar)

If the girls within this school
Would just obey the rule,
How happy they would be!
My me!

If some exercise they'd take
And not stay in and fake,
How strong they each would be!
My me!

If their lessons they would learn,
And recite when came their turn,
How brilliant they would be!
My me!

And if they'd just take pity
On the poor "Humor Committee,"
How funny this would be!
My me!

Petition

(Presented to Faculty after an "Indignation Mass Meeting" held in the Assembly Hall, at midnight, April 1st, 1910.)

We, the student body of Belmont College, being sound in mind and body, having become thoroughly aroused to the danger of a situation which is becoming unendurable, feel it our duty to take this measure. For the past several weeks the time honored traditions and customs of our school have been down-trodden, the whole Belmontesque atmosphere is fast fading away; so we call your

attention to a few special abuses among your number, which should be investigated not later than next Christmas, at any rate.

Complaint No. 1. It has been commented upon, frequently of late, that Miss Cook is receiving entirely too many vari-colored post cards from promiscuous youths. The postman declares that he has to carry an extra mail bag since her recent trip to Mammoth Cave, where she captivated many hearts by her sweet smile.

Complaint No. 2. With deep pain we feel it our duty to inform you that Miss Butler has attracted a great deal of unnecessary attention to herself by wearing such enormously large hats on the street, with a profusion of curls, puffs and braids in corresponding number.

Complaint No. 3. We have been told, on good authority, that Miss Blalock is getting frivolous! That her candy bill is increasing to the detriment of her missionary fund! What will become of the heathen? Can not something be done?

Complaint No. 4. And Miss Simpson, though she has been dragged out of the closet numerous times, continues the awful practice of cutting chapel during her vacant periods. She keeps the girls busy hunting for her when they wish to report on chapel and corridor quiet.

Complaint No. 5. Miss McDonald has been having entirely too much company this quarter. This must be stopped, as her grades are falling down below the required average. Any way, she forgot to straighten the chairs in the parlor one night!

Complaint No. 6. Mrs. Sharpe and Miss Davis *will not* conform to rules on page four (4) in the catalogue. And they frequently forget to ventilate their rooms properly.

Complaint No. 7. Dr. Landrith's deportment grade will be unusually low this quarter, as he has been talking entirely too much in chapel, and persists in attracting the attention of all the girls to himself, when they should be busy finishing their themes or other work. Furthermore, he was seen walking down Church Street last week unchaperoned, with a *Red* neck-tie. Dude! What *are* we coming to? This is un-Belmontesque and unworthy a member of the glorious S. C. S. R.

Complaint No. 8. It has been noticed that Miss Buchanan is repeatedly *breaking the uniform* by wearing a white fuzzy and tan pumps. Our suggested remedy is, that she be not allowed to go in the city another Monday, until she breaks this habit.

Complaint No. 9. Miss Webb persists in getting

a drink of water after the 9:30 bell, though we have taken it away from her by force several times. She has caused us to lose several good nights' sleep watching the water-cooler to prevent her from this awful crime.

Complaint No. 10. Miss Wendell is acting most selfishly toward her English C students, depriving them of the exquisite pleasure of writing poetry in the spring, which has always been such a joy to girls in the past.

Complaint No. 11. And Miss Maxwell, following this example, deprives her Nineteenth Century students of the nicest part of the course—that of reading and being reviewed upon "Memoirs of Tennyson." Rebellion is shown on all sides. The girls declare they will not submit to this awful decree.

Complaint No. 12. Lastly, but by no means least, Miss Hood, though repeatedly warned, threatened and pleaded with, continues to neglect paying her *excess laundry*, thus causing the students and the laundry a great deal of unnecessary trouble!

Lending and borrowing prohibited is,
What happens without is none of our biz;
We can not dance but once in awhile,
Still we must wear one constant smile.

A Sonnet

(To Miss Wendel's Tadpole.)

Tad, for they called you so that knew you best,
Tadpole, who loved so well to swim and eat and splash,
How of t Miss Wendel watched your queer tail lash
The waters, and she wondered when you'd lose the rest
Of it. Long you've remained her guest,
And still, ungrateful wretch, you dash
Around that bowl with all your tail! Oh, you are rash!
We pray you, Taddy, drop your appendage caudal,
Relieve our minds of all this weary care,
And change into a self-respecting frog.
No longer in this weighty matter dawdle,
No longer all this useless cumberance wear,
Then hie thee homeward to thy native bog.

Girls in chapel,
All is quiet;
Girl has apple
For her diet.

Girl kept in,
She wonders why
She did that sin
Not on the sly.

Takes one bite.
There's a murmur,
Girl turns white—
Teacher saw her.

Now she's wiser
And instead
Leaves appetizer
Till in bed.

Dear Miss Webb and I fell out.
I'll tell you what 'twas all about:
I had water and she had none
And that's the way the trouble begun.

B is for beauty, around here 'tis found—
Within these dear buildings and out on the ground.

E is for "excess," a word now and then
Used by our principal and fellowmen.

L is for laughter, so merry and so gay,
It rings through the halls the live long day.

M is for man, a thing rarely seen
At this dearly beloved place, I ween.

O is for "order," a thing much desired,
A word used so much it makes us quite tired.

N is for nerve, a thing needed so
At midnight feasts whenever you go.

T is for teachers, to whom we owe much;
The way we all love them, "it do beat the Dutch."

The Hills

The western hills, far, far away,
Are wrapped in softest purple mist,
By lingering sunbeams softly kissed,
The vanishing memories of the day.

The distant hills, so vague, so dim,
The ever-changeable, dreamy hills,
Whose solemn grandeur soothes and stills
And quiets like an evening hymn!

Each hill a deep, melodious note,
Each range a vibrant, quivering chord,
The whole in praise of Nature's Lord,
A paean grand, from Nature's throat.

ATHLETICS



Athletic Association

Members

Vera Warren, T.	Mabel Aydelotte, T. R.	Nellie Finnegan, B. B.	Gladys Woodson, T.
Effie Wootten, H.	Mattie Fae Arnold	Julia Dodge, T.	Juliette Wolcott
Vicie Wootten	Pauline Atterbury, T.	Helen Eaves, B. B.	Fae Wooldridge
	Ruth Atterbury, B. B. T.	Inez Eklund, B. B.	
	Irene Banta, T.	Ernestine Elder, B. B. T. H.	
	Epsie Brandt, T.	Rufus Foster, T.	
	Rena Belle Anderson, B. B. T. H.	Inez Gill, B. B. T.	
	Mattie Blakemore	Eleanor Gordon, T.	
	Daisy Brooks	Elizabeth Grinter	
	Lucy Bridges, B. B. T.	Hilma Green	
	Louise Brock, T.	Lenore Hogue, B. B.	
	Louise Blackstone, B. B. T.	Mary Harding, B. B. T.	
	Edith Beggs, B. B. T. H. R.	Nora Trousdale, T.	
	Catherine Brown, T.	Christine Holman, T.	
	Ruth Badgley	Helen Hughes, B. B. T.	
	Lucy Bailey, T. R.	Christelle Hemphill, T.	
	Virginia Bresler	Carroll Hoffman, T.	
	Marie Bolton, T.	Frances Swann, H.	
	Jamie Bateman, B. B. T. H.	Ida M. Hood, B. B. T. H. R.	
	Beckwith Baird	Julia Spencer, B. B.	
	Esther Baskette, B. B. T. R.	Louise Savage, T.	
	Elma Burns, B. B. T. H.	Byrd Shankle, B. B. T.	
	Virginia Craig, T. H.	Clara Schillig, T.	
	May Belle Coleman, T.	Irene Sternberger, T.	
	Ruth Conner, T.	Bessie Stovall, B. B. T.	
	Lucile Crow, T. H.	Felicia Streit	
	Lucile Chabot, B. B. T. H.	Carrie Lee Sherrod	
	Kittie Cowden	Hazel Tynes	
	Noi Woolard	Edna Thomas, T.	
	Lida Canon, B. B. R.	Pauline Thornton, B. B. T.	
	Cleo Carpenter, R.	Lila Tolley, B. B. T.	
	Kathleen Conner, B. B. T. S. R.	Mary Gertrude Walker, B. B. T.	
	Roxie Cage, T.		
	Anne Chesley, T.		
	Lida Canon, T.		
	Frances Cox		
	Edith Chabot		
	Mary Franc Coile, B. B.		
	Ruth Capers, R.		
	Mary Louise Dial, T.		
	Christine Davis		
	Laura Davis, B. B. H.		
Hazel Wilson, T.			
Gladys Woodson, R.			
Nannie Yates, B. B.			



THUSS-FHO

Athletic Association German

Saturday evening "Middlemarch" was the scene of the Athletic Association German. This, as the greatest society function in the college during the year, was very delightful. "Middlemarch" was artistically decorated in pink and green, morning glories being used in profusion. During the evening many interesting figures were used. Especially enjoyable was the figure brought from the West called, "The Horses Fair." The Scarf Dance and the Japanese figures were also very pretty. The German was ended by "The Dash for Flowers." During the evening many couples found their way to the enticing arbor of morning glories.

Miss Hood and Miss Heron and Miss Townsend chaperoned the dancers.

Guests from out of the college were Mrs. Rushmore, of Boston; Miss Isabel Hayes and Miss Alice Hayes, of Nashville.

Mr. Marvin Grieg, with Miss Mary Louise Bogenrief, of Pennsylvania, led the German.

Those present were: Misses Lida Canon, Florence Lee, Eleanor Ristine, Pauline Atterbury, Byrd Shankle, Ernestine Elder, Pearl Heisey, Alma Rankin, Louise Blackstone, Mary Alice Whitson, Hazel Wilson, Gladys Woodson, Laura Davis, Edith Whiteside, Victoria Wootten, and Edith Beggs; and Messrs. Edwin Dixon, I. Mack Hood, Victor Craig, Leonard Hull, Richard Atterbury, David Lockwood, Kent Brown, Joseph Spencer, Bart Knight, Ernest Epperson, Lawrence Wyatt, Ned Isaacs, Lewis Jones, Charles Schillig, Elmer Wootten, and Carl Holman.—*Copied from Belmont Daily Bulletin, February 20.*

IDA MARY HOOD.



EDITH WHITESIDE President
 LOUISE WYATT Vice-President

Tennis Club

ERNESTINE ELDER Secretary
 ALICE KLEBERG Treasurer

Members

Esther Baskette
 Eleanor Ristine
 Helen Eaves
 Margaret Robertson
 Roxie Cage
 Arline Kirk
 Mary Harding

Virginia Craig
 Lucy Bridges
 Bessie Stovall
 Mary F. Coile
 Lucile Crow
 Pauline Atterbury
 Byrd Shankle
 Ruth Atterbury

Ellie Hail
 Norma Isaacs
 Pauline Thornton
 Virginia Lea
 Ida M. Hood
 M. L. Dial
 Alice Kleberg
 Edith Whiteside

Kathleen Rush
 Florence Lee
 Ruth Conner
 Annie McKean
 Gladys Woodson
 Louise Wyatt
 Ernestine Elder

Rowing Club

One of the announcements at three o'clock roll-call was, "All members of the Rowing Club who find it convenient will row at Centennial Park this afternoon. Please meet in reception hall at three-twenty."

From the wild rush from the chapel for coats and hats, it seemed that a great number of girls "found it convenient." After distributing their mail to them, Miss Grieg led her jubilant charges to the scene of action via the street railway. The experienced rowers called themselves "teachers" and were given two girls each to instruct.

Very characteristic remarks floated over the lake as each instructor attempted to paddle some knowledge into the brains (?) of her pupils.

"There, brace your feet." "Now, don't hold the oars like you are afraid of them." "Lean way over and"—"Oh, please don't splash so; I am wet to the skin." "The boat is tipping! Oh, I just know I shall be drowned!"

Did this dampen the energy of the "teachers"? One would hardly think so if one took into consideration the fact that there is not a member of this illustrious club who could be called a bad rower, while there are some who we could put up against any school.

Now that spring is here we intend to select the best from our number and have ourselves a crew that will make people sit up and take notice.

ESTHER BASKETTE.





Rowing Club

Officers

ESTHER BASKETTE	President	RUTH CAPERS	Treasurer
ADA MILLER	Vice-President	EMMA TAYLOR	Secretary

Mabel Aydelotte	Blanche Knight	Edith Beggs	Sybil Lowenberg
Lucy Bailey	Julia Jastremski	Cleo Carpenter	Mary Dale Robertson
Kathleen Conner	Helen Marx	Lida Canon	Gladys Woodson
Lucile Chabot	Blanche Rutter	Ellie Hail	Ruth Phillips
	Louise Wyatt	Jennie Hull	
	Ida M. Hood		

Basket-Ball

Late in the fall about fifty-five girls reported as candidates for the basket-ball teams. These were separated into four divisions for training purposes; the Seniors and Special Diplomas, the Juniors and Sub-Seniors, the Freshmen and Sophomores, and the Irregulars. Each of these squads then practiced together a little and chose their teams, but now comes the trial. Now comes the test. This spring each team is to work over their material, and, as it becomes advisable, change their teams. Then will come the bloody struggles, class against class, and from the survivors will be chosen the

two college teams for the Field Day game. All is prophecy, but with last year's conquerors returned almost intact and most of the other team here, it does not seem so much like prophecy after all.

We still have our "Old Faithful" center in Annis Jones, a guard that "made 'em sit up" last year in Birdie Mae Matthews, with the reliable personified in a forward in Edith Whiteside. Throw in other good forwards, exceptional goals, from last year's squad, then watch our basket-ball record. Will it be "Good Looking?" Here's to it!

IDA M. HOOD.



“The Silver Heel” Team

RUTH ATTERBURY Captain

Ernestine Elder

Louise Wyatt

Pauline Thornton

Virginia Lea



Cupid Basket-ball Team

EDITH WHITESIDE	Captain
Annis Jones	Mary Franc Coile
Elma Burns	Birdie Mae Matthews
Helen Eaves, Sub.	Daisy Matzner, Sub.



“The Dollar” Team

LILA TOLLEY	Captain
Inez Eklund		Byrd Shankle
Lucile Jones		Eudora Major
		Lucy Bridges, Sub.



“The Terror” Team

CATHERINE YATES Captain
Zetta Jones	Laura Davis
Ida M Hood	Ellie Hall



“The Kid” Team

ESTHER BASKETTE Captain

Mary Dale Robertson

Mary G. Walker

Helen Hughes

Blanche Robinson

SCENE: Belmont Gymnasium.

TIME: Ten o'clock on Schedule I.

CHARACTERS: Eight girls dressed in gym. suits, with foils, masks, etc.

MISS G.: En garde "Paran Quarte."

NEW PUPIL: "What do these mean?"

MABEL: "Merely the fencer's nightmare."

MISS G.: "Make yourselves comfortable, girls."

IDA: "As if we could in that horrible position."

BLANCHE: "Oh, Miss G.! King Edward has accepted my challenge, and I am so afraid that I can't stand the shock of such complete victory."

MISS G.: "Girls, you are here to fence, not to dance the 'Merry Widow,' and—Dolores, be careful

not to stick Ruth. I know you've had a fuss, but this is no place to settle it."

FLORENCE: "Jennie, you hit too hard."

MISS G.: "This is not a boxing match; you may both be excused, Jennie and Florence." Jennie and Florence walk out with bowed heads. A faint giggle is heard through the room.

MISS G.: "Girls, you are all dismissed; when you think you can behave we will have another lesson."

RUTH: "Come, girls, let's go out on the porch."

CATHERINE: "Now, isn't that horrid?"

The girls skip out, and Miss G., with a sigh, slips wearily into the nearest chair.

BLANCHE KNIGHT.



Fencing Club

	Blanche Knight	
	Dolores Lockwood	Ruth Phillips
Catherine Yates	Jennie Hull	Irene Sternberger
Cleo Carpenter	Mabel Aydelotte	Ida Hood
		Florence Lee



Hockey Team

DAISY MATZNER Captain

Jamie Bateman	Elma Burns
Virginia Craig	Lucile Crow
Lucile Chabot	Laura Davis
Ernestine Elder	Blanche Knight
Florence Lee	Mary Dale Robertson
Edith Whiteside	Ida Hood
Mamie Wilson	



Be Strong

We are not here to play,
to dream, to drift ❀ ❀ ❀
We have hard work to do,
and loads to lift ❀ ❀ ❀
Shun not the struggle; face
Tis God's gift.

S. C. S. R. R.

The initials S. C. S. R. R. are magic letters; for the distinction of being a member of the Self Controlling and Self Regulating Roll is one coveted by all the girls in college.

The qualifications necessary to membership are those implied by the name of the roll, and the honor of membership is conferred by the joint action of the Faculty and the student body. This roll is the most influential organization among the Belmont students, both because of its numbers and its ideal, the developing and strengthening in each girl of all true womanly qualities.

In this roll we have the beginning of the student government, which we hope to see established in Belmont some time in the near future.

S. C. S. R. R.

Officers

RUTH TRICE	President
LOUISE NANCE	Vice-President
MOSSIE LUCAS	Secretary
SARAH MORRIS	Treasurer

Roll of Members

Lila Belle Acheson	Reece Ingram	Frances Allison	Mabel Inglis
Elizabeth Barnwell	Ruth Johnson	Rosa Lou Bell	Bertha Jamieson
Hazel Benson	Arline Kirk	Marguerite Colcord	Ellen Kernachan
Lilah Bishop	Melita Knox	Mattie Balock	Henrietta Kleberg
Marie Elise Bolton	Mossie Lucas	Gracia Booher	Charlotte Love
Gladys Boone	Ida Mallory	Anna Deal Bramwell	Virginia Maddox
Epsie Brandt	Grace McMain	Lucy Bridges	Hattie McGee
Louise Brock	Eva Milton	Catherine Brown	Bessie Miller
Delia Burns	Jeannette Moorman	Margaret Caldwell	Louise Minge
Idalee Carlisle	Marie Myers	Cleo Carpenter	Sarah Morris
Carolyn Cheaney	Mary Sue Nance	Gladys Clarke	Louise Nance
May Belle Coleman	Ethel Nichols	Annah McIntire Cox	Queenie Neeley
Ruby Cox	Meta Ormsbee	Virginia Craig	Madge Norton
Lillie Pearl Dalton	Erna Pierron	Mary Deboe	Alleen Pezples
Clarice Dewey	Purcell, Ethel	Roberta Dublin	Nea Portwood
Helen Eaves	Mary Rucker	Milliscent Elston	Eleanor Ristine
Elise Epperson	Bessie Smith	Juanita Evans	Genendel Schnabaum
Mary Goodloe	Ruth Trice	Eudora Major	Lila May Tolley
Alma Gordon	Lydia Tuerke	Eleanor D. Gordon	Martha Trogdon
Hilma Green	Della Voglesang	Elizabeth Grinter	Hazel Tynes
Pearl Hafner	Ruby May Warnock	Ellie Hail	Maude Wagley
Christine Hamilton	Mamie Wilson	Franke Harmon	Ella Whitnel

In Memoriam

AULENO HOLLOMAN

Born September 10, 1893

Died February 28, 1910



MY SYMPHONY

To live content with small means ;
To seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than
To be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich ; fashion ;
To study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly ;
To listen to stars and birds, babes and sages, with open heart ;
To bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never ;
In a word, to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconscious, grow
up through the common.
This is to be my Symphony.

Y. W. C. A.

Bessie B. Miller.

Y. W. C. A.

Officers

REBECCA LITTLEPAGE	President
LOUISE NANCE	Vice-President
ELIZABETH BARNWELL	Second Vice-President
GLADYS BOONE	Secretary
MARY DEBOE	Assistant Secretary
RUTH TRICE	Treasurer
MOSSIE LUCAS	Assistant Treasurer

Devotional Committee

MARY DEBOE, Chairman

Eleanor Gordon

Lila Belle Acheson

Marie Myers

Ethel Purcell

Missionary Committee

R. J. Buchanan, Chairman

Finance Committee

Ruth Trice, Chairman

Poster Committee

Eleanor Gordon, Chairman

Membership Committee

Louise Nance, Chairman

Bible Study Committee

Miss Blalock, Chairman

Intercollegiate Committee

Eudora Major, Chairman

Room Committee

Reece Ingram, Chairman

Social Committee

Artemesia Ashbrook, Chairman

Statistics

Number of members	209
Number enrolled in Bible study	171
Number enrolled in mission study	50
Delegates to the State Conference	5

Regular devotional meeting each Wednesday evening at 6:40.
Bible leaders' meeting Friday evening at 6:40.
Regular Bible hour, Sunday evening at 6:00
Meeting of all committees Thursday evening at 6:40.
Bible Chapter summary.

Mission study classes meet Monday evening at 6:40.
Bible mass meeting first Sunday in each month at 6:00.
Bible classes studying John.
Mission classes studying Sunrise in the Sunrise Kingdom, The Uplift of China, Daybreak in the Dark Continent, Lux Christi, and The Call of the Homeland.

Budget, \$982.00.





PUBLICATIONS.



Editors of "Milady in Brown" in the Past

1904

Miss EDNA WOODS KONE	Editor-in-Chief
Miss MARGIE GARY	Business Manager
Miss CHRISTINE CLARK	Secretary
Miss AUGUSTA GARDENHIRE	Treasurer
Miss SUSIE BUCHANAN	Assistant Treasurer
Miss LOUISE McKEE	Literary Editor
Miss LILLIAN McCUTCHEON	Humor Editor
Miss STELLA GAUT	Art Editor

NOTE—The Annual of 1904 was called "The Aitrop."

1905

Miss ELIZABETH E. ROSS	Editor-in-Chief
Miss EDITH WARRINER	Assistant Editor
Miss CORNELIA BASS	Secretary
Miss ANNA MAY HEFLIN	Business Manager
Miss CHRISTINE CLARK	Assistant Secretary
Miss JULIA HUNTER	Treasurer
Miss ETHEL RICHARDSON	Assistant Treasurer
Miss VIRNA COLBY	Art Editor

1906

Miss CORNELIA BASS	Editor-in-Chief
ANNE WARNER	Assistant Editor
MARGARET CHAMBLISS	Business Manager
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HELEN MATTHEWS	Secretary
MARY GEERS	Assistant Secretary
CHRISTINE TAYLOR	Treasurer
SUSIE CHANDLER	Assistant Treasurer
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1907

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Epilogue

Goodnight! We have to say goodnight
To all those gladsome Belmont days.
Goodnight unto our school girl's joy,
All beauteous with its golden rays—
Goodnight to friendly teachers all,
Goodnight to many classmates dear,
Goodnight to friends, deep firm, true blue,
Whom we have loved so this past year.
These mem'ries sweet detain us, then
We'll have to say goodnight again.



"Good Night"





What's the Use
ALL MUST END.



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Business Friends



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The Annual Staff hereby expresses its thanks and appreciation, and highly commends the advertisers to the favorable consideration of every friend of *Milady in Brown*.

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The HEALTH of Her Students

and realizing that a pure drinking water is the principal factor to
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DISTILLED WATER

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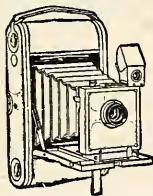
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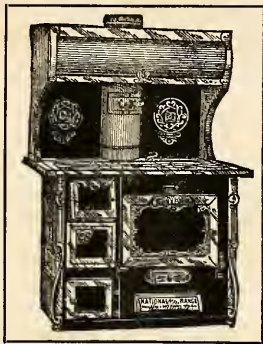


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THE ACKNOWLEDGED MERIT OF BELMONT all over America has filled its rooms each year, and although the capacity is being slightly enlarged, there is already so large an advanced registration that the annual experience of the institution—a large waiting list at the opening—will be repeated before September. Apply at once for registration blanks, catalogues, music pamphlets, etc., to THE REGISTRAR, BELMONT COLLEGE, NASHVILLE, TENN.



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